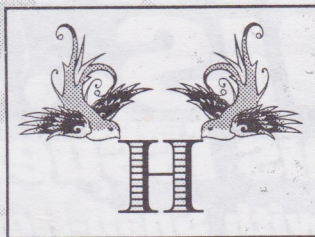
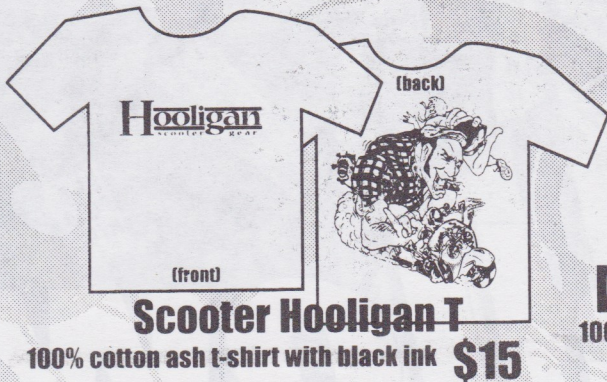


volume two issue one

\$4

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About the cover: Thanks to Eduardo Cerro for this quarter's cover image. Ed captures a great image of female influenced punk rock. Ed is available for freelance illustration. Please contact him through *American Upstart* at upstart@qni.com.

American UPSTART

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from the editor

1998.

I figure everything else you've read by now has had some sort of nostalgic look back on the past year so I decided why stop now? I mean, we've been around now for just about a year and we have moved a few steps closer to world domination in that time. Four issues in one year isn't too bad for some mouthy skins who just wanted some representation.

Two clubs came and went last year here in Midtown Kansas City. The Fuse Box — which was having shows on a regular basis — was shut down after a drive-by shooting scared the parents of all the kids who were going there. No one was hurt but it put the city council on terror alert. Two weeks later, no more Fuse Box. If it was a competition though, the winner for fastest club closing goes to the Millennium. The Main Street Saints played there on the evening of both opening and closing (it worked out to be the same night). The headliner was Marky Ramone and the Intruders, who didn't even get to finish their set cause the cops threatened to smash the sound system. It was a real shame too. This place was going to be killer as far as the club scene goes. It's huge and had an outrageous sound system. The owner planned to open it as a roller rink during the week, then have shows on the weekends. I don't think the roller rink part would've ever materialized though. I talked with the owner on the night of the show and asked him to point out where the rink would be. He showed me the existing tile floor right by the front entrance. Big sharp looking mirrored pillars throughout the "rink" area. I started to question his thought process though, as it didn't seem to me to be quite feasible. Rumor has it he is still determined to get the club open. Right now he's rifling through paper work for it. So maybe one day.

The Saints have had a roller coaster of a year. We had promised a couple of new releases, but these didn't materialize. The *Do A Runner* compilation was delayed several times so we pulled out two tracks off that CD and are putting out a split 7" with Terminus City on Flat records instead. We also have decided to postpone the split with the Anti-Heros. We released the songs intended for that split on 13 Luck Records, so "World Cup Year" is now available to add to your definitive oi collection. Also, be on the look out for an AC/DC tribute 7" being released on Flat records, featuring Terminus City, the FatSkins, the Bloody Sods and the Main Street Saints.

Sister Mary Rotten Crotch has received better than expected support from the Kansas City crowds. Pulling in large numbers wherever they play. Look for their 7" — released on *American Upstart* — recorded live at one of their first shows.

1999.

Now let's look ahead to 1999. Start making plans for the show of the year. STREETPUNK '99 is taking shape. To date we have confirmed the ANTI-HEROS, PATRIOT, MANS RUIN, FATSKINS, LOWER CLASS BRATS, MAIN STREET SAINTS, NOTA, BRASS TACKS, DEGENERATION, INFILTRATORS, THE CUFFS, SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH, RAT BASTARDS, BEERZONE, ULTRAMAN and KELLY'S HEROES. Could that be all? Only time will tell. One thing is for sure, you don't want to miss this! Two days of mayhem and blackmail photo opportunities. The two-day music event will fall on the same weekend as the annual Originators Midwest Scooter Rally. Could this be a coincidence? Could the two events go hand in hand? Could this be the largest party in the collective Midwestern states of the U.S.A.? Oh, dear brothers and sisters I think you know the answer. The answer lies deep within your heart and is awaiting to burst forth. YES, YES this is going to be the biggest party Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Wisconsin and hell, we'll even throw in Texas, has ever bared witness to! Give me a Hallelujah!

Another great fest opportunity preludes Streetpunk '99. The ever honorable FATSKINS from Phoenix, Arizona are hosting the West Coast Oi fest, May 8th & 9th (just weeks before the almighty Streetpunk '99). Kinda nice isn't it. The Fatskins have packed the bill to the hilt with some quality oi bands, including The Templars, Oxblood, Subway Thugs, The Main Street Saints (you know it skinhead!) Terminus City, Moloko Men, Lower Class Brats, the Cuffs, Violent Drunks and Soldier '76. Damn, we might as well just start a nation wide oi tour and have shows on state fair grounds. "OILAPALOOZA"! Next year huh?! Anyway, Mike, of the Fatskins, has busted his ass putting together a great line up for this early May event. So all you skins and punks on the west coast haul yer asses to Phoenix and party like it's 1999. For more information on the West Coast Oi fest, email the Fatskins at captainfatskin@hotmail.com.

Speaking of Lalapaloozers, I have finally seen the light, oh yeah. I was once blind but now I can see, I was once mute but now I can speak, ignorant but now I understand. Oh, it's killing you isn't it? What is it brother Tim? I, my fellow skinheads, punks, brothers, sisters and generally twisted motherfuckers, I now know how to "pump my fist in the air" and say OI! YES, *SPIN* magazine has shown me the way. I have wondered all these years what I should be doing at shows and now *SPIN* has shown me the way. Chapter 1: Verse 3.; "Ye shall stand in a circle and

raise thy fist" Chapter 1: Verse 2; "Dancing, ye shall be in a circle. The circle will be called the "Moon-Stomp". I have shed many a tear wondering what my purpose in the pit was and it has finally been shown to me. It does not end there! For years I have been wandering these city streets in my usual attire, short silk shorts, black socks, sandals and a half shirt that accents my belly. NO MORE!!!! Chapter 2: Verse 9; the basic "uniform" is a white "T" or Fred Perry polo shirt...red suspenders...Black Doc Martins with red shoelaces to denote non-racist stance. How could I have gone so long without ever knowing? But there is more, Chapter 2: Verse 9.5; females of oi descent, i.e. rudegirls (it all makes sense now) shave their heads leaving only "fringy bangs" and a mini-mullets. I must find one of these mini-mullets. Now do not hold an ill word to your lips, for they have even taken the time to transcribe the ancient tribal language of the oi ancestors. No longer do you and your "mates" get rowdy or loud, you get "Argy Bargy". No longer will you call a friend simply a drunken idiot, he/she is now bestowed with the holy title of "Lager Lout". That guy next to you mocking your "uniform", he is not "crazy" for disrespecting the way, he is a "Nutter". Finally, after a hard day of spreading the oi gospel according to *SPIN*, it's time to head to the "Boozer" and "Piss Up" a couple a brews.

Till next time...

American UPSTART

Issue One Volume Two Spring 1999

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backlash

Thanks for sending me the new issue and reviewing our records. I read the interview with Degeneration (Upstart #2) and wrote in to set the record straight on what bullshit their singer Chris said about me and my label *Beer City*.

First, I'm no rich kid like Chris claims. I come from a middle class family. I've never ripped off any bands. Just ask columnist Trash LeBlanc who has been in two bands that have done records on *Beer City*. Last but not least my parents have never paid for any of my records to be put out!

As far as me getting hit over the head with the bottle, here is what really happened. Not the outright lie that Chris told. As I was watching the Stray Bullets (rad Minneapolis band!) I felt something hit my head. It felt like a weak punch. I turned around thinking "good that idiot singer of Degeneration is trying to start something with me". [See earlier in the night he tried talking shit to me 'cause I thought the 7" he sent me (to try and get on *Beer City*, not to review like he claimed in the interview) sounded poppy. Even though I told him, don't worry it's nothing personal it's just my honest opinion, he continued to insist I didn't even listen to it and trash *Beer City*. At that point I wanted to hit him, but I just told him he was wrong and we went our separate ways.] Anyways, back to the bottle incident. I turned around to see a girl screaming and yelling. Then everyone said, Mike your bleeding. I figured that I must of got hit with a spiked ring. Then someone said that she hit me in the head with a bottle. She didn't come up to me and say anything, she hit me from behind! After this happened, lots of the punk girls that were there wanted to kick this girls head in , but I said no; that won't do anything but get the club closed down and my head will still be injured.

Months went by with Chris telling people he had nothing to do with this and saying he felt bad about what happened. Obviously he was full of shit! If he felt so bad about it and had nothing to do with it he wouldn't have said anything bad about me in the interview and wouldn't be bragging about how he sent that girl to hit me cause he is a fucking pussy and was afraid that I would kick his ass if he tried to fight me. All this because I gave him a honest opinion about what I thought of the 7" that he sent me!

After all this happened I talked to two other members of his band. They said they didn't agree with what I said, but didn't think it was a big deal. They both said it was Chris's deal, not theirs. In fact one of the guys told me if it was up to him, that 7" would have not even been sent to me

and certainly never been put out.

To top this off, about seven months ago Chris called me and asked me to do a show for his band. He tried to deny about being involved with the bottle incident and said he had no problem with me except he was insulted that I said the 7" he sent had a sounded poppy. He then said he had a lot on his mind and that's why he was all mad that night that everything happened. BULLSHIT!! 'Cause he did that interview after he called me and if he was over the whole thing (like he claimed to me while he was trying to get a show) he wouldn't have gone out of his way to talk shit about me in his band's interview.

See, this all boils down to — I didn't want to put Degeneration on *Beer City*. If he thought all that stuff he said about me was true he would have never sent me that 7" in the first place. Congratulations, Chris. Out of the 1000's of bands that have sent *Beer City* something to try to get on, you are one of the very few that has whined and cried cause you didn't like the response you got. On top of that, to have someone attacked with a bottle over one persons opinion shows everyone what a moron and coward you are.

Any band that sends anything to a label should be glad to get a response at all. If that response isn't what you wanted to hear you shouldn't whine about it or talk shit about that label. You should also keep in mind it's just that labels opinion. Which obviously Chris thinks a great deal of since he talked so much shit and got so worked up over what I thought.

Well I hope it was worth it Chris. You really lost a lot of people's respect over all this and probably made things a lot tougher on your band by your idiotic actions. Which really sucks 'cause in all fairness to his band members that I met, they seemed like nice guys.

So any band wanting to get on *Beer City*, go ahead cause everything Chris said is bullshit. To end all of this on a good note, in March *Beer City* will be putting out a full length CD for Madison Wisconsin's oi band BRASS TACKS. Which will be available in record stores, or ordered directly from *Beer City* for \$10.00.

**SK8 Tough F.S.U.
Mike@ Beer City**

Oi! Skinhead greetings to you! I've just recently read your zine, #1 and #3 and thought I'd take advantage of your free classified ads you mentioned, so you'll find that at the end of the letter.

I'm from the old school and from a city where the ideology and daily fight to literally survive is a little different than today. Back in the day, mugs had to take a

firm stand and we fought everyone, since everyone out on the streets wanted to knock off the new kids on the streets as if skins were just some street gang. I've been shot twice, stabbed a few times and stomped many!

This is why I have more time than ten mofo's could do. And why I spend a lot of time in the hole for smashing or stabbing bitches who want to step up and disrespect a mug. I am not in a gang now, nor have I ever been in a gang as I disapprove of this. But I am a man who is down for his skinhead beliefs and his culture.

The rest of the time I write, draw, tattoo and listen to music. That is my life, considering the last four years I haven't had many privileges beyond 2 hours out of my cell every other day.

In the future I will go back to writing song lyrics and doing album covers for some of the bands in California. They should be on the rise soon, one of them just played with the Dropkick Murphys and the Business. I had to miss that show though. The other band just moved to Cali, or formed in Cali. Though since it's my old roommate's band, it's most likely going to be more hardcore.

I am curious how come you adamantly denounce "Nazis" yet not so much as an anti "Communist" or "Sharp" word is uttered? Wasn't it Voltaire who said something to the effect that he'd fight for everyone's right to say anything they like. Even if it differs from his own beliefs? Yet Maximum Rock-n-Roll won't run your ad, so in turn you say you won't interview or review any "Nazi" bands? You didn't say anything about anti-Nazi bands or pro-communist bands.

Personally I hold my own views. Many offend people, but I don't care. I hate whoever I want. That includes many, cause I'm an equal opportunity hater! If someone regardless of race, creed, religion, background or whatever, shows respect they get respect in return. If not, I introduce them to my friend Dr. Martin or the business end of a cold piece of steal.

Many non-whites are my friends. Yet they know I am a skinhead and I'm down for my race. They also know I'm a violent, yet reasonable man they can talk to if there is a problem. So to me, this hatred of Nazis is blown way out of proportion and non-whites do not respect any race who does not take pride in their race or stand up for themselves. I know cause I live here and debate on a regular basis with them. Skinheads have a lot of respect in here from all. It has taken violence as well as smarts to get us there. I came in as a small kid with tattoos when I turned 17. I'm now 27. I can't change who I am, nor

do I want to, I can just better myself. That's why I draw tattoo flash, soon to do t-shirts and album covers. I've done my own zine. I sling ink, write and stay active in the scene as much as I can to keep me out of trouble.

Well, I'll close now. Here is my ad. If you don't print it, I'll just have to accept that. I don't force my views on people, nor allow them to force feed me theirs. Though I don't mind debating as long as respect is shown. I can use some pen pals and would appreciate some help.

All right now, take care and remember a non-political zine should be in the middle without showing hatred to one side or the other.

Mike Stringer #28930

P.O. Box 1989; Ely, Nevada. 89301

Ed. response — Mike, Let's get a couple of things straight. Since not everyone has read the first issue let's bring them up to date. I was and still am fed up with Maximum Rock-n-Rolls pigeonholing of skinhead bands. I created Upstart to give proper representation to skinheads and skinhead bands. I sent a classified ad in looking for contributors. In the ad I asked "tired of being misrepresented in wimpy punk rock zines?" and the next thing I know I get my ad back with "fuck you from a punk rock zine" written on it. I wrote to them and said that the ad contained no fascist, racist or sexist material, those are their criteria for a classified ad. I do not base the content of this zine to get MRR's approval, I'm not putting this zine out to clean up the skinhead image, or to make it "O.K." to be a skinhead today. This is a skinhead zine, put out by skinheads.

No, I am not covering the white power scene. I am not a mediator for all the political factions. I have my beliefs and racial supremacy isn't among them. I am covering the Midwest oi and punk music scene. I am also trying to cover scenes outside our area and feature them all in the pages of this book. I do not have a political agenda to promote. Thus far I have also not covered communist bands or SHARP bands. Does that mean it will never happen? No. But if they are ever covered, it won't be their politics that interest me. It will be their music.

To say Upstart is not political would be a cop out, obviously there are politics involved with any "movement." Working class is a political stance. I try not to involve politics in the interviews I conduct, and I also avoid it in my rants. Other contributors though have free reign in their columns. I may not always agree, but like I said, I want to represent the skinhead scene, not my view of what it should be.

Tim



PUNK! OI! SKA!

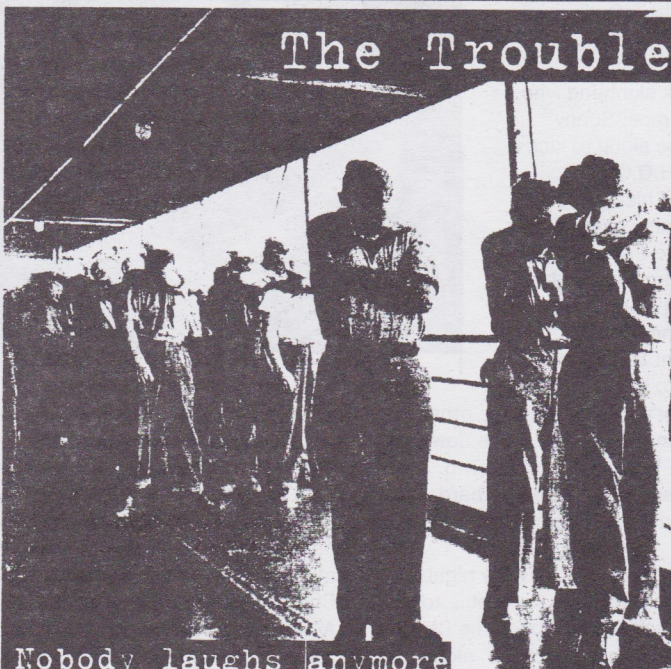
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rants

88!?!

By Tim Nord

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New Years Eve 1988, three car loads of Minneapolis skins from a crew called the Baldies head to Chicago for an A.R.A. meeting and one helluva party. One of the most influential skinhead crews of the late 80s and early nineties, the Baldies were at the root of starting Anti-Racist-Action, which is still around to this day. Ya couldn't tell by looking at them, that they had started a movement beyond just being a skinhead, beyond listening to music and drinking beer with their friends, their brothers. This was more. This was the righteous fight. Clark Martel was gone by this time and so was Romantic Violence. Chicago belonged to the anti-racist skins no matter what name they were under.

We had an ugly crew of skins going down for the trip. Not all of them were from the Baldies. We had two or three that wanted to keep out of the name game. They were down for being skins and that was enough. Somehow Minneapolis had inherited the infamous Sonny G., best known for his later act on Jerry Springer as the racist black skinhead who hated his own race. Sonny wanted to come along to kick with his old S.H.O.C. (Skinheads of Chicago) crew. Eddie the fish also came, Eddie never made it to Springer but the boy could drink and fight. Along with Sonny and Eddie were Rachel (the driver) and myself. We went to the meeting "together" so to say, each watching out for each other. Some other skins from Minneapolis also came down for the party. Finn, Nate, Rox and Big Tim. There were others also, but 10 years of hard drinking caused those names to escape my memory.

We pulled into town on Friday night. It was a miracle that the cars were able to keep sight of each other through the Chicago loop. We met up with the S.H.O.C. skins (Skinheads of Chicago) outside a McDonalds. They knew where a party was going on. No one cared where, as long as we could get out of the Chicago cold. We hooked up with some Northside skins and chilled out at one of their apartments for the night. You could feel the tension about having so many out of town skins in their

area. More were coming too. The A.R.A. meeting drew skins from most of the Midwest. Five or six from each city. Each to give the low-down on their present situation with Nazi skinheads. The party was kind of uptight and nobody really broke out of their shell til the following day.

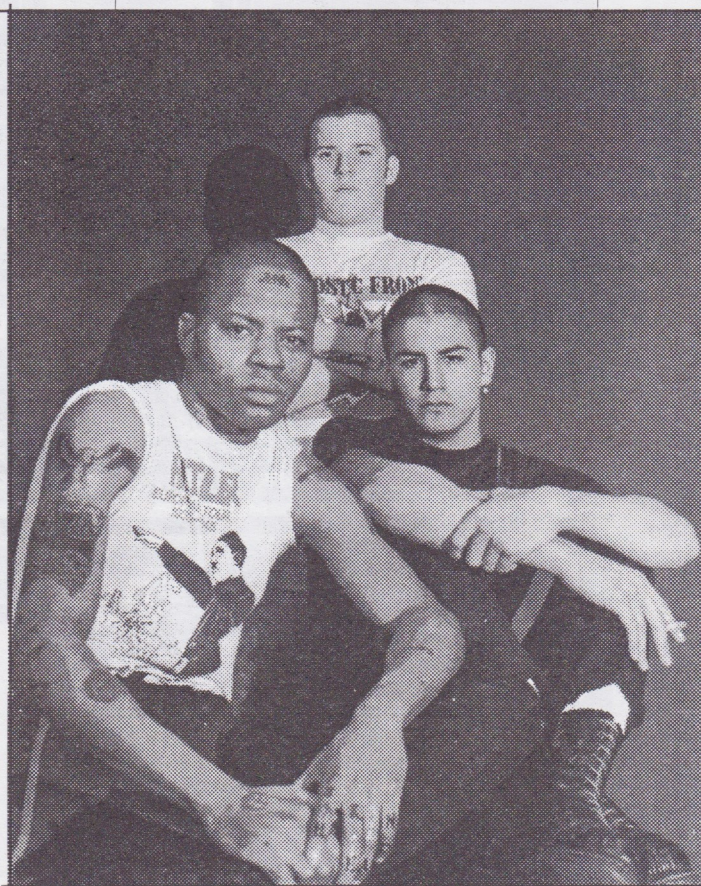
We grabbed all our gear and headed over to Barb's (a Northside skin) house. Her mom was cool about letting a bunch of strangers sleep in her basement. I had told her that my girlfriend and I were married and

crack them open. A couple of the civil rights activists asked for Sonny, who was wearing a "Cross of Odin" patch on his shirt, to quiet down or leave. Sonny, not being at a loss for words told them to fuck off. Some of the skins got up to settle him down. Sonny wouldn't have it, he called all of them out "fuck you all, I have smashed more boneheads than any of you, I can do and wear what I want". No one said a word.

After about three hours of introductions and ideas, the meeting was over and only one thing was on everyone's mind...getting fucked up. Sadly, there was really no where to go. No one had planned anything and most everyone was under 21. So with limited options, Marty, the king of the Chicago, opened his doors to the New Years festivities, even though he knew his girl was going to be pissed when she got home.

One thing I loved about Chicago was you could pretty much buy beer anywhere. Back then no one cared about your age. Taking advantage of that, we picked up our beer and headed over to Marty's. About 75 of us piled into his one bedroom apartment. Most everyone had let down their guard by now and instead of swapping attitude we were comparing war stories, either about smashing a Nazi or bangin' a girl. You develop comrades quickly when you are surrounded by people of like mind. This night was a great example. Everyone there was now brothers and sisters, doing anything for each other. It's a great feeling that you spend a life time trying to get back.

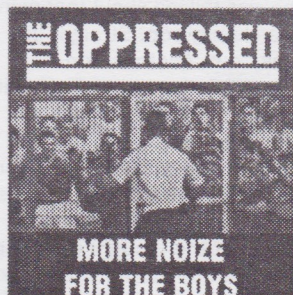
Hunger was getting to the best of me after a stint in the bathroom with a little bit of dope dipped in some embalming fluid (amazing what people will smoke without thinking twice). I decided to take a walk for some pizza. I was walking down an alley, a dark alley singing about my pride in the skinheads, screaming my loyalties to the cause. Fuck you and all you stand for... I AM A SKINHEAD! Then I took a look around, noticed all the bullet holes in the metal garage doors and all the gang graffiti, at this point I decided to keep it down. I soon found the pizza joint, Chicago style pan pizza will correct any of your ills when you are inebriated. I found my way back to the party and everyone caught on to the pizza smell and headed out the door. Sonny



that we wanted to sleep together, so she told her daughter to let us have her room. She was a trusting lady. We dumped the cars and headed for the "L" to take us to the meeting. After about 4 transfers we found ourselves on the punk side of town. The meeting was held in some sort of hall. Chairs lined the walls. I felt like I was at an AA meeting. There were members from the John Brown Anti-Klan Committee and other non-skinhead organizations, as well as representatives of skinhead crews from Milwaukee, Indiana, Detroit, Iowa and Minneapolis. The turnout wasn't as large as they had expected, but it was decent.

The meeting was about as exciting as watching snails fuck. Sonny, Eddie and I had snuck beers into the meeting and decided to

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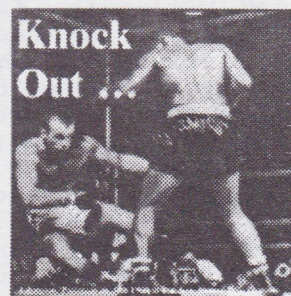
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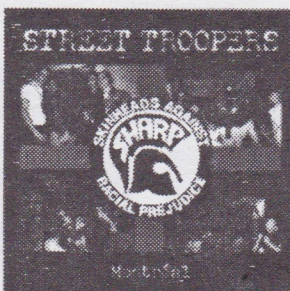
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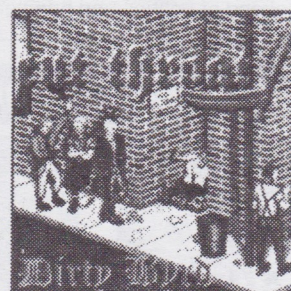
DROPKICK MURPHYS:
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rants cont.

wanted some, and by then I decided I could use a little more too, so we headed out again. Dammit, though, I really had to piss. I parked up against the wall, I was keeping the wall up as much as it was me, and started to go about my business. About mid-stream (no stoppin' it now) Chicago's finest rolls up on us. Sonny, who was around the corner, was trying to zip it up and play it off. I think I would have if, after I gathered my composure, I hadn't taken one step toward the cops, hit an ice patch and fuckin' back-flipped, landing straight on my face. I tried to play it off. I told the cops that my shoes didn't have any soles, that they had worn away and that's why I couldn't stand up or walk right. The cops, in their subtle way looked at Sonny and said "well, it looks like he's got enough soul for the both of you", fucking bigots, I thought. I kept my mouth shut and so did Sonny. They let us be, but they told us to piss in a bathroom from now on. They didn't need garbage like us fuckin' their streets up. We waved them off and headed inside.

I thought I had seen a lot over the years but nothing, nothing could have prepared me for what we walked in on. "Why can't we be friends" by WAR was pumping through the stereo, and everyone had a hold of the waist of the person in front of them, circling the room doing the BUNNY-HOP!!! It was great, nothing to tide over a weekend of politics and bring each

other together like the bunny-hop.

Midnight was approaching and everyone wanted to bring the new year in with style. At midnight the "L" train was going to be free in celebration of the New Year. We planned to take over one or two of the cars and ride em' all over Chicago, wreaking havoc on anyone who got into our car. Good ol' all-American fun. So we all piled out the door. The train stop was a couple a blocks away from Marty's house. Down the street we marched, I say marched cause the sight of 70+ skinheads walking down a Chicago back-street is an intimidating sight. Not in any order, skins were scattered about for about two blocks.

We passed a bar and Sonny slipped in. To tell you the truth no one really knows what happened inside that bar. According to Sonny, he walked up to the bar and took a seat, a seat in front of a full glass of beer. He grabbed it and drank it down. Just as he was about to high-tail it out of the bar the owner of that beer saw him leave his chair and ran up on him. Sonny turned around and clocked him then boogied out the door. Following Sonny was the bar, well everyone in the bar at least, pissed off and looking for that ingrate who punched their buddy. I think you can guess what happened next. The fists were flying and chaos took over that street corner. Why though would all of these guys file out of that bar just cause one guy got punched? Low and behold, a few t-shirts

and hats explained it... "Police", Sonny had walked into a cop bar. It was too late now, my girlfriend took off running and I felt a hit in my back turned around and swung and a fat mustached bastard. I got him, once, I'll admit though, he downed me fuckin' quick, broken nose, fucked up ribs. I blame the ice underfoot. I saw glory though, a skin from Indiana who was a Golden Gloves boxer, shit that was all he was talking about that night, he brutalized a clumsy cop. Straight up knocked his ass out. Another skin from Minneapolis was running his ass off, but was smiling the whole time, he was just trying to gain a bit of ground on his aggressor, he turned around and scissor kicked the guy right in the kisser, he was down with one hit, beautiful. We outnumbered them but the thought of a long engagement in the Cook County jail took the fire out from under many. The sirens were coming and so were the helicopters. Everyone broke in different directions. Unfortunately everyone from Minneapolis ran together in a pack, we soon realized we did not know where we were or where we were going. Jumping over snow banks and into trash cans trying to evade the police which had now swarmed the area. Big-Tim spotted an abandoned house and got in through a side door, soon everyone was in the cramped hallway of that house. I could feel my heart beating through my winter flight, no one was talking, just



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concentrating on breathing at a normal pace. A door opened at the top of the stairs, a man stepped out with a gun. Obviously this abandoned house had many uses, we hauled out that door in a panic, and started diving for cover. Now hiding from two things, the cops who were just outside and the guy with the gun on the inside. We spotted a couple of skins up the street only about 20 yards. The cops had em' up against the wall, it was Marty, his girl and one of our Minneapolis boys, Finn. The cops though didn't seem to be interested on the big bust, they only wanted to arrest one of them. "Take him, he's the only nigger" they had said of Marty, Finn spoke up, "you racist bastards" WHAM billy club to the ribs. Marty's girlfriend started throwing a fit "If you take him, you take me". They were both gone and Finn was standing there alone.

All of a sudden our calvary showed up. A line of 20 or so cars slow-cruising on the look-out pulled up. Everyone makes a run for the cars and jumps into safety. Rachel and I hopped in with Chi-Town native Corkey. I asked if he knew where Barb lived, gave him some gas money and said take us straight there, as far from this neighborhood as possible. We showed up at Barb's house, her mom was asleep but her sisters were still awake. As far as I knew we were the first ones there, and we were alone. We made our way down to the basement and into Barb's room to crash out.

I woke up the next morning with an insane headache. I was dried out from all the drinking the night before. I set one foot out of the bed and stepped on something human. I looked down and saw Eddie crashed out half underneath the bed. Next to him were some other people. I sat there on the edge of the bed with my feet still on Eddie's back and looked over the bedroom. The room was full of people. I stepped over Eddie and opened the door. Well everyone must know that Barb lives out of the way, cause everyone came to Barbs. There must of been about 35 people crashed out all over the basement floor, as well as couches, tables, the washer and the bathtub. It was a carpet of stinky flesh. Over at the bottom of the stairs was Barb's mom, crying.

We grabbed our shit and headed home.

If you got any crazy ass stories and you want to get them in here, write em' down and send them to us.

Salad Days

By Sherwood Goodenough

SHARP LOGO DESIGN, ARTIST UNKNOWN

It's funny looking back at how much me and my friends have changed. For the longest time when I was a kid I carried a SHARP business card with me. A friend of mine gave it to me and I figured if I got

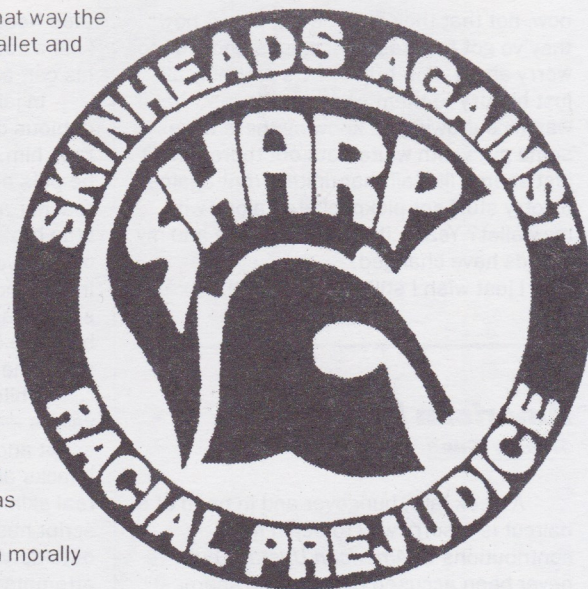
killed I wanted it found on me. That way the cops might find the card in my wallet and they'd think, "Skinhead? Against racism? What the..." Then I'd be some big fucking martyr. Buster Bloodvessel would get elected president, and in heaven I'd be titty-fucking all the chicks on *Saved by the Bell* in a bathtub full of chocolate. To tell the truth, I'd probably still carry the card in my wallet if some meth-addict whore hadn't light-fingered it in the parking lot of an Aldi Food Market.

Boy I'll tell you, back then I was glad to have something I could look at once in a while that reminded me I wasn't crazy. It was like I was carrying a three-inch Declaration of Independence in a morally chickenshit society.

That card made gave me just a little bit of pride, and that pride made it a little easier being someone who believed in something. But that was a long time ago. Who needs that now? The truth is, I've found other things to make me proud that are a little more substantial than a sweaty ripped-up piece of cardboard in my back pocket. Now I've got friends, family and a dick like a fucking redwood tree. Just that I've made it this far cheers me up. I guess that's how life is. Time changes you...Boys grow into men...Whatever...But when I was younger I was sure grateful for every ounce of strength I could find — anywhere I could find it. No, I'm not talking about that scrap of paper. The ancient condom I kept next to it probably did me more good than the card ever did. The strength I got came from knowing there was a nation of baldheaded bone-crushers out there standing by my side in defiance of the vulgar hordes that disgrace our world and dishonor my nation's soil. But they were too violent, remember? It was crazy! They became like gangs, throttling anybody whose politics weren't perfect. After a while it didn't even matter what ideas a person had, anyone was a candidate for an anal injection of Doc Marten. So now we don't have politics at all. As long as we're not fucking boneheads, we're all cool.

Today's ska, oi and streetpunk subculture is about, beer, scooters, friends, family. It's a lifestyle. It's about fucking whenever you're not too tired from a hard day on the job and hoping you made enough money to keep the ones you love alive and well for another goddamn day. And SHARP is a ghost. Anti-Racist Action is some kind of rich, hippy-kid, left-wing, love-in. And most of the famous/infamous crews that helped beat bigotry out of our scene are dead, gone or just forgotten. It's like a history lesson.

But the thing is, we're not really ALL cool are we? If you're a skinhead or a punk or a mod or anybody who's been around the scene for more than a couple of days then



you know somebody who you thought was cool, then one day they started complaining about "The Jew conspiracy." You know some fence-riding, semi-sorta-something motherfucker, who you probably don't trust, but you "put up with." You also know the country's prisons are filling up and overflowing with freshly-fucked something-supremacists of every race, who don't know the fight is over.

Meanwhile, David Duke is making a bid to be the next Speaker of the House. Of course, that's common knowledge. And even though it's old news, I still can't get used to ethnic cleansing filling up Mosques with corpses in Kosovo. When you grow up, it's normal that the world doesn't seem as familiar as it used to, but that couple of whackjobs — King Lawrence Russell Brewer and Shawn Berry — killed 49-year-old James Byrd by chaining him to a truck, and dragging him for two miles. To top it off, not one, but two dumbass Hollywood fairy tales about American neo-nazis were released in 1998. I don't know...I just wonder sometimes, where are all the young hooligans now who are just like we used to be. Where are all those lager-fueled, self-righteous urban heroes that won't let it happen here? Remember all that fucking trouble we got into? A lot of good beer drinkers are wearing scars today because they didn't want to see wannabe bitches piss on what our country stands for. There's a couple of those old bastards I wish were still around so I could buy them a pint for the times they picked my narrow ass up off the barroom floor. I mean all you punks, skinheads, mods, rockers, rudies, whatever - I want to ask you a question. Did we make sure there was someone to take our place when we stepped down? Ahh, who gives a fuck! We're still here, right? At least some of us are. And those guys we scared off, or got locked up, they were pussies. They probably moved on just like we did. They're probably over this political shit just like we are. They've probably all got jobs

rants cont...

now, not that they didn't then, but by now they've got families, mortgages and kids to worry about, don't they? It's probably all just history to them now too. It's just that it was nice growing up knowing there were some guys with white hats out there, and it just seems like all that united front against bigotry stuff got pickpocketed along with my wallet? Yeah...It's funny how me and my friends have changed.

I just wish I still had that card.

American History F!

Tommy Gunn

A week late, hungover and in need of a haircut is a sorry way to begin my contributions to *American Upstart*, but I've never been accused of being the sharpest guy on the block. Here it is two months after I paid my hard-earned \$7 to see *American History X*, and it still has me pissed off. That's a good place to start. I've read and heard a lot about the film since then, most of which were laudatory odes to Edward Norton's acting and physique. Here's the short of it: intelligent but misguided youth in California fall under the sway of a white supremacist Fagan who gets him to recruit his poor friends to shave

their heads and beat up local minorities. He kills a couple of black guys trying to steal his car, and he goes to jail.

In jail, he becomes buddies with some dubious-devoted-to-the-cause Nazis who rape him. Voila, he's no longer a racist and he pals around with his black high school teacher again. But when he gets out, his little brother has cropped and is an up-and-coming Joseph Goebbels with his old crew. In the end, the brother gets smoked by some black kids in the bathroom at school because he kept them from beating someone up.

While the film has a couple redeeming values — well-acted considering the poor script and phenomenal cinematography — it lacks any sort of knowledge of the way real skinheads and boneheads operate. The script has more holes than a brothel outside Vegas and the moral "messages" it attempts to impart could be deciphered by your average Teletubbies fan.

The "skinheads" of the film look like shit. They are led by some charismatic, independently wealthy patron who looks like the guy your mom warned you never to accept candy or rides from as a kid. He has a Waco-esque compound where he puts on parties where fat, drunk Nazis in jeans and flannel shirts lipsync to hate rock songs. I'm not sure how this prepares them for the race war. Earlier in the film's chronology, the

"skins" at least wore flight jackets and camo pants before donning pantyhose and beating up everyone in a grocery store run by non-whites. One of these Aryan geniuses even has an Anti-heros logo tattooed on his forearm (**Ed. note** — logo was used without the Anti-Heros consent). I've read that Edward Norton, Fairuza Balk (formerly appearing in *The Craft*) and Edward Furlong hung out with some California boneheads. If these were the sort of white warriors they met, it eludes me why they would cast this story around skinheads. If you're making a movie about fat, slobby white assholes playing racial politics, why dress them as skinheads? My theory is to make a few bucks. Nobody cares about the real boneheads our Western lands house unless they sport 20-eyed steel-capped boots and shaved heads. At least in *Romper Stomper*, the Nazis dress, look, and resemble skinheads, despite its farcical ending.

Aside from the costuming and soundtrack defects, let's talk about *American History X*'s shoddy script. I've read that the director petitioned to have his name removed from the script because 40 minutes were cut in the editing room. This would explain some of the problems with the script, but not nearly all of them. I was left with a million more questions leaving the film than I thought was possible. How did an academically smart kid who adored



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his "diversity-conscious," black teacher become a leader of this Hitler youth group? The movie claims that his firefighter father who had some Jim Crow-era ideas of race had been killed by black people while trying to put out a fire. After coming under the sway of a rich old fart, he was the model Nazi. Where did the old man get his money to fund these keg parties? What was his agenda? Why did anyone listen to him in the first place? And, the biggest question is this: why would someone convicted of the hate-crime manslaughter of two black men (he plea bargained) be paroled and

JOB

then recruited on his first day of parole to go undercover in his old crew to help the cops? This movie is a mess of contradictions and vague promises of something profound.

The moral of the movie is that even slightly prejudiced remarks can make your average teenager into a model of hate, that it's easy for an "oppressed" youth to make the leap of logic from conservative, Republican values to national socialism, and that what comes around goes around. If you 86 a couple guys in your driveway, some of those guys' friends will kill your brother in a completely unrelated incident. Thanks Edward Norton, I'll remember that.

One of the Internet's faithful Redskin apostles, Jon Bishop, wrote a big press release when the movie came out, making a somewhat decent point. With the skinhead revival we're experiencing these days, we're bound to have the ugly, bastard step-brothers, boneheads climbing out of their holes again too. *American History X*, for the uninformed, seems to be definitive version of skinhead. I can't help but think that the less bright teenagers might be attracted to this and model themselves after it. With all this talk of Oscar nominations for *American History X*, I shudder. It was well-acted, but the rest of it sucked. This is a movie best swept under the carpet and forgotten about. Unfortunately, I think we can blame the entertainment-journalism industry for not letting that happen. But what else is new? Nobody outside of our ranks attempts to understand us anyway. Despite the hype, *American History X* is a waste of time and money better spent on a 12-pack of PBR. Remember that before you think about checking it out.

Cheers, Tom

Saint Jason Fired!

By Saint Jason

The views of Saint Jason are not representative of *American Upstart*, it's owners, editors, subsidiaries or heirs. *American Upstart* wholly releases blah, blah, blah, etc. etc.

OPENING!!

SAINT JASON FIRED!!

Special interest groups shocked!

Good people of America, members of the international press, I want to take this opportunity to strongly deny recent allegations that I may have been fired. I have not been fired from *American Upstart* and will in fact, continue my writing duties at *American Upstart* for long into the forgettable future. I will not however, be receiving a big fat raise; or any compensation at all for my work. Thank-you-very-fuckin-much.

— Your humble leader, Saint Jason.

Once again it is the night before *American Upstart* goes to press - and you better believe it's printed right here in the U.S. of A. by good hard working Americans! So we all know what that means: Old Saint Jason is gonna finally sit down, get drunk, and write his column. And like I said once before... Aw fuck it, here we go.

SAINT JASON FIRED!

Discovered to be non-humble religious fanatic and cop beater! Cop beater?

I was gonna write the "Saint Jason and Good Chad beat up the two cops story" this time around, but I see Tim has beaten me to the punch and has a good one for you this month. So I'll just save it for next issue, which should be just in time for the summer riots anyway. But to tide you over 'til heat-wave time, here is one big ol' mean column.

"All you crazy-faggot-communist-republican-Nazis who wrote in — I threw away all yer packages and letters without even opening 'em (I can just tell)."

Now how can you whiny little "teat"-suckers justify being peeved at me just for sayin' that? In that context? What crusaders you all are. Did the fags an' commies an' Nazis and krishnas ask for your help? I have not, as much as it truly pains me to admit it, had so much as received ONE negative response to my small-minded little sound bite that I just quoted. NOT ONE!

SAINT JASON FIRED!

Readers poll suggests he is a bigoted bigot.

Not one f.n.c. etal. cocksucking worm wrote or E-mailed me at *American Upstart* to say they didn't like the abuse or derision.

And it's not like anyone would have a hard time

responding; the address is all over the zine, even at the end of my column. Which, incidentally was about working poor folk and the fucked-up system we've got in this country.

I thought this zine was a working class oi and punk scene zine, about and aimed at the American skinhead and punk audience. I don't believe many faggot-commie nazi cocksuckers would, or should be reading a skinhead zine about the Midwest oi and streetpunk scene! So...a holier than thou — goddamn nitpicker's — criticisms are just plain bullshit; but safe I guess, when issued from behind a so called punk-rock banner, with a fake punk rawk name and a fake P.C. value system you don't really believe in.

SAINT JASON FIRED!

Thinks with fists, not with head!

In the column, (Volume 1, Issue #3) I was basically saying that though the country's policies and politics are fucked up and morally questionable or plainly wrong; the flag is still important to me because it represents us, the people of the country. I listed our armed forces, people on welfare, office workers and field workers, factory workers, college kids and hippy scum. The lawyers, doctors and drug dealers, gangsters and skinheads were all there too. All Americans under my flag, our flag. And I love them. Now, diversity? Do I owe an ode to the fags, commies and Nazis? Include them here? Well sure, they're American too; even if I don't like 'em. And if they got insulted — or someone gets insulted for them — well they haven't had the guts to tell me personally; but I believe if they get insulted, Fuck 'em! You know, I really don't care. I'm writing for the oi boys and girls out there, aren't I? Not to some pretty girlboy watered down punk rawk magazine critic with too many sensitivities- those WHO WILLFULLY MISREPRESENTS AND MISINTERPRETS OUR MUSIC AND LITERATURE IN ORDER TO DERIDE US EVERY CHANCE HE/SHE GETS!

SAINT JASON FIRED!

Whiny nitpickers celebrate!

I am a skinhead. My name is Jason. I have opinions; some of them are probably plain dumb to normal society — fuckin' whiny bitches — and some of them are plain dumb to my skinhead brethren. However, I am a skinhead and I don't need or crave acceptance from you. You stupid needle-dick nitpicker fucks. I say what I want and I've got all the friends I need already.

When we were younger, we used to say

skinhead was a lifestyle and some people were just born into it. Well, I don't necessarily believe that anymore, as I see a lot of folks who may not be around as skins next year. Call em' fashion skins, but that is another article. We also used to be extremely critical of skins who "used to be", who grew their hair out etc., etc. Back then I saw this as abandonment of skinhead ideals in total. No, long-hair, you were never a skin, because now you have that hippie shit going on. You see? Well, I used to hurt these two kinds of people. More than anyone else, because I felt betrayed. That and who can resist stompin' a long-hair who keeps insisting he used to be you? Have I gotten soft in my old age? I have. I'm a hell of a lot more tolerant and understanding now than I used to be, but I'm still a skin. Being a skin, I don't water down my opinions, my ramblings, my rants for greater acceptance. I have my self-respect, my identity and I don't feel an overwhelming urge to be liked.

SAINT JASON FIRED!

Found to be skinhead with value system!

I'm not racist and have never been. I am working class and I do have strong opinions that I'm sure piss a lot of people off. Well...piss off! But I am not a racist or fascist and sometimes I do think with my fist (before my head) so never call me that shit. I chose to live in this skinhead culture way back when, because I respected and required the unique value system it possesses! Skinhead was a natural progression from the neighborhood "gangs" of friends I ran with before I was 16. We all used to run around with little crews didn't we? - Because someone beat up someone else when we were 6; or those 4 guys who were throwin' dirt clods at us 4 guys when we were 10. Man, as kids we used to have the best little wars over nothin'. Simply because we were friends and those other guys just lived on the other side of the ravine that separated our tenement project from theirs.

Aw what a beautiful sunrise.

I have rules, family and acceptance. Here in the big bad skinhead gang there is structure and love. I'm not saying I didn't get that stuff at home as I grew up. But that I still have it and find it all a meaningful positive (and negative) force through all the trials and tribulations of life. Now, different crews, I'm sure have different rules and different ways of dealing with things; but as a whole the value system doesn't change much with the skins. You work, you demand respect. As you set yourself apart from the "normal" society, (read: the system) you carry yourself with pride, dignity and you work through life ordeals. You fight every now and then and aren't afraid to speak your mind. Your very dress style makes a statement, You see drugs for what they are: poisons for the weak and cowardly. You have a sense of patriotism for country, self and place. And you fight for your friends and help those who have fallen. Generally, you just do

the best that you can, with honor, through all aspects of life. And one more thing, a true skinhead is not racist, despises racism, because that tears down your honor. Because racism is weak and wrong. A true skinhead is never shallow and weak and wrong.

EXTRA EXTRA SAINT JASON RE-HIRED GETS BIG RAISE

Well now, see what I've gone and done? Drank up all my Guinness and run on and on about this topic which — while gripping — no one seems to give a damn about. So here I am winding it up: I only have a few more things to write about, and I may have another beer in the bottom of the fridge...found it.

1. Still looking for cool contest ideas.
Like I said, absolutely no one wrote a letter, so the \$20/Tullamore Dew is still up fer grabs.
2. Saint Jason's fake top ten new years resolutions for 1999.
#9 I will not procrastinate the column, unless I don't have the time.
#8 I will not climb any towers or rooftops without a rifle and ammunition.
#7 I will not criticize my editor for trying to make us filthy rich and famous.
#5 I will try to research the things I know nothing about — before I write about those things.
#4 Ah fuck it, the Y2K millennium bug is coming and everything will go to shit anyways.
#2 I will try not to write the words commie fag nazi scum.

and the number one Saint Jason fake top ten new years resolutions for 1999 is...

- #1 I WILL NO LONGER TALK DOWN TO YOU PEOPLE!

Ha, ha, that sure was funny.

SAINT JASON FIRED!

"New Years resolutions: Not Funny!"

And Finally this month: Bruce Roehrs, I love you man, and I'm sorry I took yer tagline. It was a real dumb ass thing to do and I'm sorry for it. See ya in hell.

— Saint Jason The End

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The 7th Wave

Phil Kellum

In 1998, another trend fell by the wayside as another took its place in the lexicon of American pop culture...at least for the time being.

The trend that fell out of favor after only a few short months with the American public was, of course, ska. The way I see it, it's both a good thing and a bad thing. With all good things come bad things. That much is proven.

I'm all for ska music, much like most of you that read *American Upstart*. I was more than shocked to see it become so huge in such a short amount of time, simply because the media latched onto it. Now that the media has moved on to the new flavor of the week, swing, ska has been cast by the wayside again, much like it did in the '60s and again with two-tone in the '80s.

Let's take a look at the bad things associated with this first. The first and most obvious is the severe lack of shows now. I notice it here in the Kansas City/Lawrence area, at least. I don't know about other parts of the country and world, but here, it's all but dead. The last ska show I went to had to be the massive Laurel Aitken/New York Ska-Jazz Ensemble show back in August. Now, that's not 'cause I just haven't been to shows...it's 'cause there simply aren't any to go to! I think there have been maybe five ska shows since then at the max.

The usual promoters that booked ska here have moved on to something that apparently makes 'em more money, I guess. They're just afraid of losing their asses, it looks like. But, I just have some sort of a gut feeling that if you book a good enough show, people will show up. Maybe not as many as several months ago, but they'll still come! The Laurel Aitken show was good evidence of that. It was sold the fuck out. Going along with the lack of shows aspect, another bad thing would have to be fewer bands willing to go out on the road or put out CDs and records.

There are all sorts of amazing ska bands all over the place that I would love to see come into our neck of the woods, but just can't because they wouldn't make enough money to make it economically feasible. That's fucking sad. I would love to see bands like The B-3s (Pittsburgh), The Radiation Kings (Connecticut), The Agents (Providence) and so many more play here, but I don't think it'll ever happen, simply because they can't afford it. All of 'em have records out on nationally distributed labels (Jump Start, Stubborn, and Radical, respectively), so why couldn't it happen? You tell me.

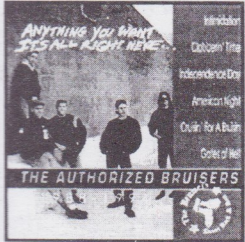
Also, with all the trendy kids moving on to swing and whatever else MTV force-feeds kids, there's fewer of the little buggers willing to buy zines that feature ska! I guess I should make my zine, *Trouble Bound*, a full-on swing/Korn/Master P zine now so I could actually sell copies. Who knows. That's a joke...you're supposed to laugh. Yeah, I know it was lame.

Enough bad stuff, let's move on to all that is good about ska not being cool anymore. There's quite a few reasons, so get ready.

The most glaringly obvious one, at least in my eyes, is the fact that only the good bands are left in the scene. All the ones that hopped in to make a quick buck are long gone by now. All the shitty, high school bands filled with jazz band dorks are

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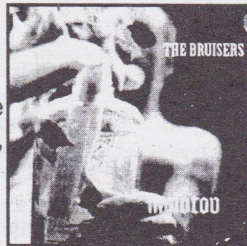


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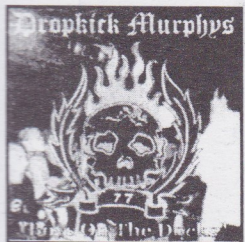
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rants cont..

back to practicing their charts for pep band, instead of learning the coolest new Reel Big Fish song. Thank god. Even those that had record deals, like the aforementioned Reel Big Fish, are putting out more rock-oriented albums...and are still selling like shit!

With the glut of crap bands now out of the spotlight, there's more room for the true stars to shine. I'm talking about The Slackers, Hepcat, The Pietasters, The Skalars, The B-3s, The Skoidats, Dr. Ring Ding and the Senior All-Stars, Skinnerbox, Stubborn All-Stars, et al. The music these bands and others are making now is simply astounding. The new Slackers disc, *The Question*, is one of the finest albums of the year, regardless of genre. The forthcoming Skalars disc is wonderful. I could go on and on, but I won't.

With only the great bands around now, it lets them stretch their legs a bit and get more creative with arrangements and sound. Whereas before, I think some bands felt it necessary to play it safe in order to get kids to listen, now is the time when bands are expanding their sound. To go back to The Slackers as an example, they've always done what they wanted with stellar results, and on their new album, they take it one step further. Adding a definite Beatles-esque quality, as well as slowing it down further than previous efforts, and even using a sitar on one track! Insane.

Also, it's great to see Jeff "King Django" Baker doing all he can creatively as well with the NYC Ska Mob in tow. Triple Crown Records recently released his solo *Roots and Culture* CD mixing ska with traditional Jewish music that is wonderful. Also, he has jumpstarted the DJ battle again as well, that he started back in '95 with "Open Season." Hepcat, of course, answered it with "Open Season...Is Closed" on last year's *Right On Time* album. Baker then wrote, recorded, mixed, mastered, and sent off to press "Hepcat Season" the day after he got his copy of "Right On Time." If you haven't heard it, it's a brilliant comeback available on 7" single from Stubborn, and also on the new Skinnerbox CD on Triple Crown called "Demonstration." Now, Germany's Dr. Ring Ding has gotten into the ring with his new single on Moon Ska, and the name has escaped me now.

Anyways, it's great to see creativity flowing at an all-time high in ska right now, in my humble opinion.

One thing that has me toeing the line between good and bad is the fact that all the hipsters have moved on to swing.

Sure, it was kinda funny seeing 10-year-olds in Marilyn Manson shirts trying to "skank" at shows. Sure, it was more than kinda annoying to see all the white-capped, Hilfiger-ed frat trash showing up en masse and generally acting like morons. But, I

thought there might've been some hope for at least a few of those folks, and maybe there was. Just maybe they'd get rid of the Marilyn Manson and Dave Matthews crap and buy some Skatalites and Specials albums. I guess not though. Now they can swing it up to that hip Gap ad song. (I like a bit of swing, so don't go there.)

If only the kids would've gotten past the "wearing my grandfather's ill-fitting, mismatched suit and hat" stage of the game before ska wasn't cool anymore, maybe the scene would've been better off. Or maybe not.

I do like the fact that it's fun to go to shows again now, as far and few between as they may be. I'm not one of those that is happy that ska is all ours again, but I do like having room to dance and simply move about at shows again.

In closing, as long as the bands are getting their dues and getting paid, that's fine by me.

--Phil is the editor of Trouble Bound zine based in the Kansas City area. To order a copy, please send \$2 (U.S.), \$3 (Canada), or \$4 (world). Send well-concealed American cash or a check made out to Phil Kellum. Issues 5-8 are currently available. E-mail Phil at pkellum@qni.com. Trouble Bound, 8334 Alden Rd., Lenexa, KS 66215.



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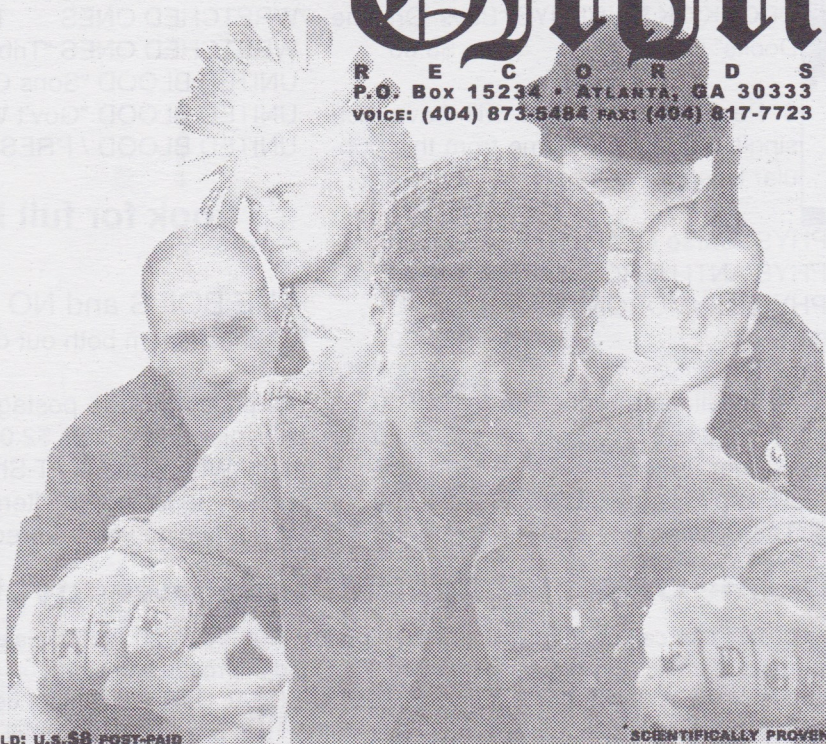
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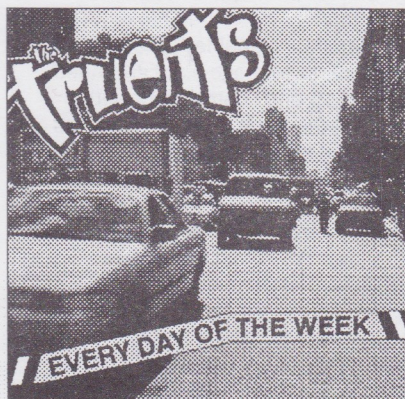
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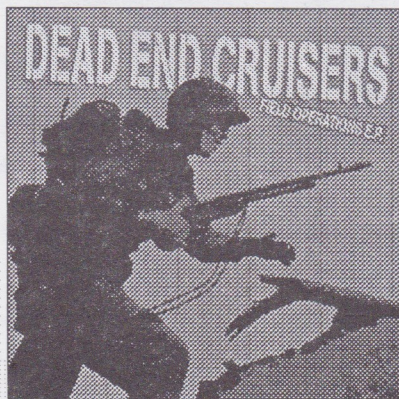
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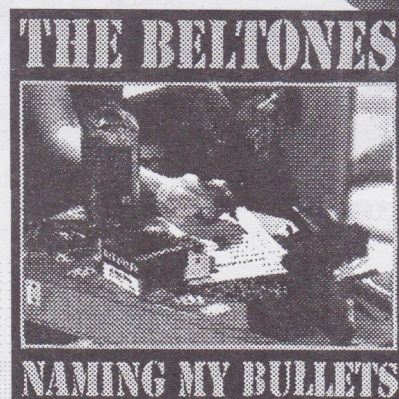
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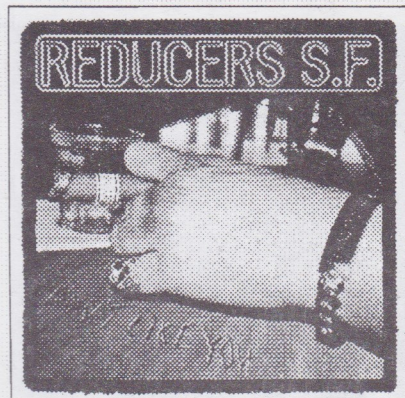
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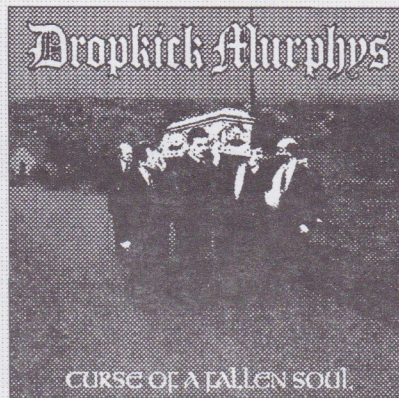
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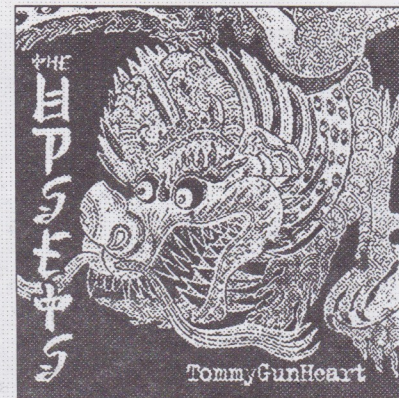
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war of words

SNAP-HER

Snap-Her members Andi and Elaine with a former mystery member.



INTERVIEW

By Sherwood Goodenough

PHOTOS COURTESY OF SNAP-HER

If there was an angel that went throughout the world advocating self-reliance, female empowerment and hard-line pro-sex ideology, that angel would wear a Snap-Her T-shirt. Lead singer, bassist, mother of Snap-Her and Queen Bitch of Rock & Roll, Andi Beltramo, is a one-woman, punk rock senate floor. Snap-Her cultivates the power of the feminine perspective without all

the cliché, pissed-off, quasi-political, anti-male rhetoric about how women are all victimized by "society." In an era when mainstream America advocates returning to the family values of the 50s, the Disney movie of the week, the traditional nuclear family, and wifey making home nice for hubby, Snap-Her isn't telling you shit! This is good old-fashioned streetpunk without the candy coating or the dirty crusty insides and, if that's not enough for you, their latest CD features shots of Andi's crotch in the midst of doing number one.

Deep Inside Snap-Her

Andi was born in Argentina. Her father and mother, both Argentinian natives, moved the family to California when she was 3. Raised in and around the Los Angeles area, she moved around the city half a dozen times growing up. Andi credits much of her cosmopolitan outlook to the time she spent adjusting to moving as a kid. "I hate the actual moving of the stuff, but I've traveled in 19 countries and I've toured in 15 countries," she said. "I can feel at home anywhere." She grew up in a Spanish-speaking household where her father's machismo, and his acute drinking problem, combined for an explosive environment of pent-up frustration and male-domination. "They had me on the shortest leash imaginable," she said. "I spent half of my teenage-hood grounded. When I was 15 and I came home with a hickey, my father beat the shit out of me and grounded me. When my brother came home with a hickey, he gave him a pat on the back and congratulated him and bought him a beer (even though he was only 11). I wasn't allowed to go out until I was 17. I wasn't allowed to date American guys, only Latin guys. And only if my parents approved of the guy." "I didn't like it (being controlled) that much," she said. "If I went by my family's values, I wouldn't be what I am now. If I went by my family's foundation, I'd be married, at home having kids. I'd be very submissive with some man that beats me." Those years solidified her beliefs in



Snap-Her performs in East L.A.



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Brass Tacks

Kyle Peterson - Vox
Pat O'Malley - Guitar, B.V.
Mike McGowan - Skins, B.V.
Matt Porwall - Bass, B.V.

**Recorded August, 1998 at Sleepless Nights, Madison WI.
By Mark Whitcomb.**

Brass Tacks of Madison Wisconsin have been tearing up the Midwest for years. Featured on the Backstreets of American Oi and This is Streetpunk Vol. 1 compilations. Brass Tacks will be releasing a full length CD in the spring and will also be playing at Streetpunk '99, Memorial Day Weekend in Olathe, KS.

For booking info: 2334 E Washington Ave., Madison, WI 53703

Kosher

Remy - Vocals/Bass
Trent - Guitar/B.V.
Rob - Drums

Recorded at Station Studios February, 1998.

Kosher formed in 1996 from the hard knocks Warrensburg scene. Kosher has single-handedly developed the now famous "Warrensburg" sound. With their balls to the wall approach to punk, booze and women, ya best know they're gonna rock yer town.

For booking info: 311 Ming St., Warrensburg, MO 64093

American Upstart 7" Compilat

Sister Mary Rotten Crotch

Sister Hannah - Vocals

Sister Red Betty Blue - Bass, B.V.

Sister Alison - Guitar

Brother Dave - Drums

**Recorded live at Davey's Uptown Ramblers Club October 1998
with Infinity Mobile Recording.**

Sister Mary Rotten Crotch got together just this past summer and have been non-stop ever since. With their aggressive punk sound and stage antics they have been drawing crowds and keeping them since day one. They have gone beyond the girl-band cliché and have moved into a stable position in the Kansas City music scene. Come check them out at Streetpunk '99.

**For booking info: P.O. Box 10024 Kansas City, MO 64171
or sistermaryrottencrotch@yahoo.com**

Terminus City

Frank - Vocals

Guillermo - Guitar

Wes - Bass

Chris - Drums

Recorded at Lead Belly Sound Studio October, 1998.

Terminus City formed in February of 1998 and have been unstoppable ever since. With regular shows in the Atlanta area and surrounding cities, Terminus City is making a name for themselves across the U.S.

For booking info: P.O. Box 5433, Atlanta, GA 31107-0433

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self-reliance, personal-independence and non-conformity. "I guess it raised me to think a lot." But there was always music in her home. "I grew up listening to swing, a little bit of rockabilly and a lot of tangos," she said. "I listened to all different kinds of music basically."

As she grew older, her roots in music grew into a way for her to express herself. She had a failed attempt at playing drums when she was 16 years old. Then, she moved to bass at 18 and added guitar to her list of instruments about four years ago. Despite being a quick study on bass, guitar and her background appreciating music, her maturity as a performing artist was no easy road. Before starting Snap-Her, Andi played in a number of other bands, none of which bring her fond memories. Snap-Her was born out of Andi's departure from one of those bands (the now defunct and very forgettable band The Creamers in 1993.) The Creamers did little to advance Andi's development and eventually the band artistically self-destructed, but her time in the band gave her the opportunity to tour the West Coast and Europe. "They thought my songs were too punk," she recalled. "They started off as a punk band, then they announced one day that they didn't want to be a Punk band, they wanted to be an alternative band instead." Immediately after that

announcement Andi realized it was time to start working on her own project. At the time she doubted her ability as a singer, but several of Andi's closest friends pushed her to sing. "When I started the band I had a whole bunch of songs that The Creamers didn't like. My friend gave me a kick in the ass and told me that I needed to be a lead singer. He said, 'Are you fucking high? You could sing way better than the chick in that lame band!'"

Those early band experiences also helped her develop her stage presence and

become more uninhibited on stage. "They influenced me in as much as I'm not as shy as I used to be." Andi Beltramo? Shy? Anyway... Once she left The Creamers, Andi let the Punk hit the fan.

Though her parents' music helped her develop her ear, musically she says the band's sound is most closely related to the music of her teens: The Runaways, The

experience because I had to learn how to play real fast," she said. Andi had limited experience playing guitar at that point and had two weeks to learn one hell of a lineup. "We were playing a 32-song set with Nina Hagen," Andi said. "She plays varied types of music: rock, ska, punk, funk. She plays everything except for Heavy Metal and Classical. Very eclectic." In preparation for

playing with Nina Hagen the band rehearsed seven nights a week, playing well into the morning hours despite the fact they all had day jobs to get to in the morning. It was that tour that solidified Snap-Her's technical ability.

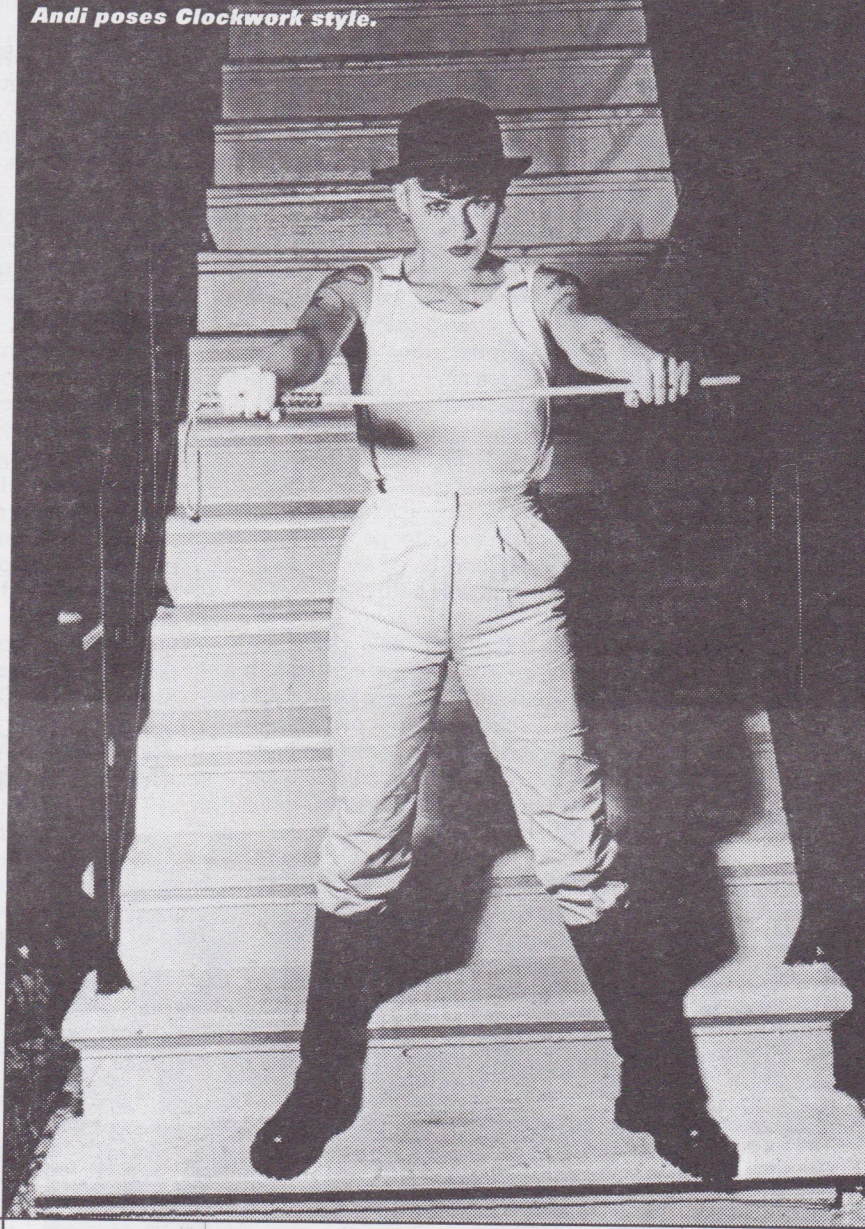
Their sound is decidedly melodic and catchy (the kind of punk you could drive and nod your head to) but there's enough grit in the mix that you don't question the integrity of the music. Snap-Her sounds confident and crisp, but not comfortable, commercial or plastic (a la the new "emo-core" crapola). "I'm into like ... street rock & roll," she said. And it shows.

Bring the Noise

She described the band's songs as being mostly about funny shit. Sex, stupid people and "how people would rather make extensions of themselves (like having babies) instead of trying to better themselves." Though it may be hard to pin down the philosophical focus of Snap-Her, Andi makes no apologies for having strong opinions on just about anything that could piss you off.

"I am a very opinionated person, and I like that." Andi takes a somewhat intellectual approach to her music and her life, but she might slap the taste from your mouth if you call her a bookworm. She follows world politics, has an insatiable appetite for reading and speaks three languages fluently. "I'm probably a little more educated than your average 33-year-old female," she said. "I'm not a typical California girl." She says her politics and thereby the politics of the band are most closely linked to the political outlook of Joe

Andi poses Clockwork style.



Clash, the Ramones, early AC/DC, The Business, the Cockney Rejects and Rose Tattoo. However, she also credits Blondie, Joan Jett and The New York Dolls for helping shape the band's style. But the largest single influence on the band came from the work they did with German performance artist Nina Hagen. In late spring 1994, Nina heard their set and asked Snap-Her to come on tour with her as the back-up band. This is when Snap-Her's sound really took shape, she said. Playing with Nina Hagen was a great

Snap-Her at the Roxy.



Strummer, former frontman of The Clash. She says her views are mostly Socialist and are otherwise indescribable. Still, there's really no place in the political spectrum that she would put herself. "For example, I think liberals are too hippie for my taste and Republicans are too conservative."

Despite the fact that she probably won't appear on the ballot in 2000, Andi does have a few things to say about the state of the nation and a few more things to say about the punk rock subculture. "Of course, I hate Nazis." And as for the anarchy thing ... I have never met a true anarchist," she said. "The one's who scream anarchy the loudest are the ones who are the biggest posers. I hate those punks on welfare, screaming anarchy and panhandling for change." She also makes no bones about hating the whole filth-punk scene. "It's disgusting," she said. "I have no respect for people who try so hard to be punk rock, who think the dirtier you are, the more you panhandle, the more punk rock you are because that's not what I'm about. "I believe in keeping yourself clean!" As she is self-employed, she harshly criticizes the hypocritical and counterproductive allocation of funds for social programs in America. "I think it's really pathetic that

the United States of America is the only industrialized nation in the world that does not provide socialized medicine to working-class people," she said. "I think the working class people of the world always get short handed. Meanwhile, there's people who get paid to have babies or to shoot drugs in their veins." Neo-popular feminism doesn't rate very high on her scale either. As a strong woman playing loud music, she says she's commonly inaccurately tagged as being an advocate for fringe feminism. "I am definitely not a riot girl. There are rumors about me being a man-hating feminazi, which is not true," she said. "People get the wrong idea about me because I'm a dominatrix and because I dole out pain to slaves who need it. But it's non-violent. It's totally consensual."

She also has no tolerance for people who use

their family problems as an excuse to disrespect their family or to pity themselves. Though her upbringing was tumultuous and chaotic, as an adult she has developed a strong relationship with her family and she's quick to point out how much she respects both her parents. "My dad used to be like Jack Nicholson in *As Good As It Gets*. But he's changed a lot," she said. Don't get the wrong idea though, Andi's not above holding a grudge, and

bullshit," she said. "I hate people who are stupid. I hate people no matter what color or sex they are. As long as they're ignorant assholes, then they make my list of people to hate."

Ooh La La

Sex, sexuality and gender issues play heavily in the band's focus, she said. "I feel sex is something you shouldn't hide. I'm into sexual openness. Instead of someone denying that they feel a certain way, that they have certain yearnings, they should thrive on it," she said. Her song "Golden Cocktail" is about people doing just that. "It's about people drinking my piss out of a cocktail glass," she said. "A lot of people enjoy doing that, not on stage because we'd probably get arrested, but backstage or in the bathroom. Some people say they have a special toilet." A glass of piss may not be your cup of tea, but Andi is 5-feet-9-inches of sugar and spice and everything nice tucked neatly into a mohawk and fishnet stockings. Her layout as Miss October in the *Tattooed Lady* pin-up calendar shows the world a little of what the good lord gave her. And even without the lights and the camera, the 33-year-old punk rock Athena is sexy enough in just a miniskirt and a bra to stop rush-hour traffic on the LAX. And the fact that you men and bi-curious ladies in the greater punk-rock community might want to fuck Snap-Her, doesn't mean they aren't ferocious. There's a lot more to the band than T&A.

And Now for Something Completely Different

The other driving force in the band is drummer, Elaine Fierro. Lineup changes have left Andi the only original member of Snap-Her but Elaine has been with the band for a year, and may be the last drummer Snap-Her ever has. "She's probably the best band member I've ever had," Andi said. If Andi is the Ying of Snap-Her then Elaine is the Yang. "We're like black and white — a good compliment for each other," Elaine said. "We keep each other balanced." Unlike Andi, Elaine doesn't really have a lot of harsh political commentary or stern indignation. "I just try to get from today until tomorrow," she said. "Obviously, I'm not a

bimbo. I graduated valedictorian at age 16. But personally, I don't have anything against hippies. I don't really care, just come to the show." And unlike Andi, who despite a strong sense of faith hates the hypocrisy of organized religion, Elaine says Christmas is one of her favorite holidays.

Andi Beltramo and Nina Hagen, 1995, FM Station, North Hollywood, CA.



she's not afraid to hate. Musically she hates bands like Blank 77 and UXA. Her reason? She just does. In general, the same things that make her hate people's music are what make her hate people's politics, their sexual ideology, or their religious intolerance. "I don't tolerate

"I'm like Casper the friendly Punk," she said. "I just want people to like me."

Where she connects with Snap-Her is "the music and the feel of it." But the two aren't completely different from each other. Elaine also comes from a musical background. Her father played in a band, and both of her parents listened to a lot of music. "My father listened to a lot of hard rock like Zeppelin and Grand Funk Railroad. My mother tended to listen to a lot of Motown. She liked War a lot," she said. By the time Elaine was 5, she had a collection of records that if stacked on the floor, would reach five-feet high. Her early musical tastes revolved around the sounds of the classic rock icons of the 60s and 70s such as Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Chris Martinez and Stevie Wonder. As she matured, her music tastes evolved. "When I got old enough where I was buying my own music, I started buying punkier stuff and pop stuff like the Plimsouls. So I kind of found my own music in punk and in country," she said. "Then, right after that *Urban Cowboy* thing dropped I kind of dropped the country." She still loves country, but by the time she was 11 she had settled on punk as her music of choice. Growing up around musicians, she was



Elaine at the Roxy, 1998.

surrounded by instruments, and percussion quickly seduced her. "I had always just known I'd be playing drums," she said. She had only one obstacle in the way of her

relationship with drums and music...school. So she decided to finish early and in 1987 she graduated valedictorian from San Antonio High School in Claremont, CA. She bought her first drum set at age 16 and started perfecting her skills. Elaine's hunger to play music is evident in her young yet relatively prolific career as a musician. Though only 28 years old, she's already been performing live music for more than 12 years, and has played in more than 15 bands. During a time in her late teens, Elaine played in eight bands at once. In 1986 Elaine began playing live shows in the all-female band called The Dolls. "It was sort of like the Judds meets the Black Crows." Elaine's pronounced skill, combined with a series of drug and stupidity problems with the band's first three or four drummers, brought her together with Snap-Her. The rest is hysterectomy.

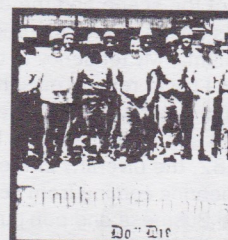
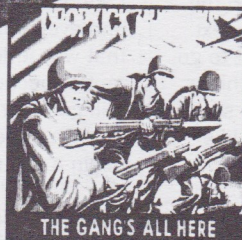
Unfortunately, fate dealt Elaine a card that temporarily postponed her involvement in the band. On Nov. 11, 1998 during the first rain of the season Elaine was heading west on the Arrow highway in her '86 Mercury Capri. She was traveling well below the posted speed limit but the new rain, combined with a year's worth of oil and grease, turned the

DROPKICK MURPHYS

DROPKICK MURPHYS ON TOUR



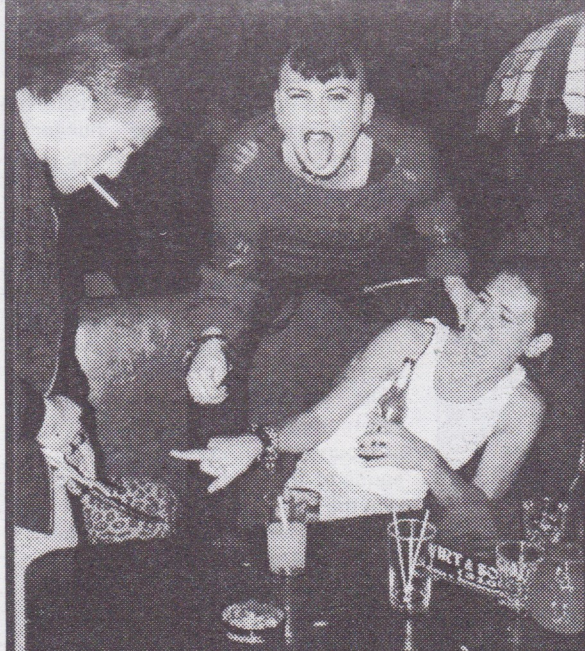
3-17 Coney Island High	NYC, NY	4-09 The Whiskey	Los Angeles, CA
3-18 Trocadero	Philadelphia, PA	4-10 Soma (Side Stage)	San Diego, CA
3-19 Tune Inn	New Haven, CT	4-11 Gilman	Berkeley, CA
3-20 Am. Legion Hall	Teaneck, NJ	4-13 Bojangles	Sacramento, CA
3-21 Capitol Ballroom	Washington, DC	4-14 Wow Hall	Eugene, OR
3-22 Cat's Cradle	Carrboro, NC	4-15 tba	Portland, OR
3-24 The Pointe	Atlanta, GA	4-16 RKCNDY	Seattle, WA
3-25 tba		4-17 tba	Pocatello, ID
3-26 Spanky's	West Palm Beach, FL	4-18 DV8	Salt Lake City, UT
3-27 State Theater	St. Petersburg, FL	4-20 Bluebird	Denver, CO
3-28 Sapphire Supper Club	Orlando, FL	4-21 Bottleneck	Lawrence, KS
3-30 State Palace	New Orleans, LA	4-22 The Galaxy	St. Louis, MO
3-31 Fitzgeralds	Houston, TX	4-23 The Metro	Chicago, IL
4-01 White Rabbit	San Antonio, TX	4-24 The Shelter	Detroit, MI
4-02 Emo's	Austin, TX	4-25 Peabody's	Cleveland, OH
4-03 Galaxy	Dallas, TX	4-27 Club Luga	Pittsburgh, PA
4-04 Tower Theater	Oklahoma City, OK	4-28 Showplace	Buffalo, NY
4-06 Launch Pad	Albuquerque, NM	4-29 Valentines	Albany, NY
4-07 Boston's	Phoenix, AZ	4-30 tba	Boston, MA
4-08 Showcase			



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Andi and Elaine shown here with Stan Corona of Art and Soul Tattoo.



freeway's surface slick. The car began fishtailing, and that was the last thing she remembered before waking in the hospital. As a result of the accident she suffered a broken rib, a lacerated spleen, a broken hip, a fractured tailbone, a pelvic fracture and her hands came out looking like shredded beef. Despite her injuries and the fine, fine, superfine medication she was provided with, her wit and her will have survived — if not gotten stronger. Doctors estimated it would take a year for her to recover, but a month later she was walking. She returned to work Jan. 15, and on Jan. 21 (less than two and a half months after almost being killed) she played a show in Long Beach, CA. "Unless I died, I don't think I could stop playing. I've been doing too much for too long. I just wouldn't know what else to do," she said.

Punk Rock 2000

Though her remarkable comeback may qualify her as the toughest drummer in punk rock, Elaine's near death experience hasn't given her the ability to see the future. She's as uncertain as most people in the scene about where the scene is going, and her punk rock crystal ball isn't sending her any strong signals. But she's not worried. At times she said she's cautiously optimistic about the status of the scene and the direction the music is taking as we approach the next millennium. "My tendency is to want to go like, OK I try to remind myself that this is a new time and a new mindset, she said. Although she said she hates bands like Blink 182, the diversity in the sounds she's hearing coming from veteran bands like The Business and pop-punk media-darlings like The Offspring gives her hope. Even Henry Rollins recent forays into

alternative don't really bother her, but overall she thinks the counterculture music scene is flowing too much into the mainstream and that turns her off. "I haven't been listening to a lot of punk recently," she said. "There's too much polish, too much production. It's too glossy. I think punk should be a bit less glossy." She says what's good is that for whatever reason there are more radio station program directors playing punk. The days of punk being relegated solely to the land of college radio seem to be behind us. But she says it's to soon to tell if that's really a good thing. "I don't know if (program directors are) opening up that much or if punk is bending to meet their standards, but I'm just glad there's a mix going," she said.

What she is sure about is that the obsessive

pigeonholing of new music by old-school puritans is fragmenting the scene more than is healthy. "I hate all these categories and sub-categories," she said. "When you start saying that one band is punk and one is 'Fashion' punk I don't know if I want to get involved in that. I like all that stuff. I don't want to break it down that far." In the end Elaine doesn't really think it matters which way the music goes, because as long as it just keeps going the spirit of the sound will survive.

"I'm hoping that it's not going to stall out and sputter and nosedive, which is what it seems it's starting to do. It's starting to get homogenized. But even when that happens an underground starts to grow out of it, which is also good for punk," she said. "So I can't really say I know where it's going to go, I just know where I don't want it to go and even if it does go that way it doesn't matter because it's still good for punk."

Snap-Her will begin a one-month tour of the U.K. and Europe in June of 1999. For details on their upcoming tour

check their website at

<http://www.newredarchives.com>.

In addition to their latest work on New Red Archives, Snap-Her released a three-song 7" on Household Name Records in London. That record features the tracks "Methadone Mary", "Crack Pipe Johnny", and a tribute to the Rose Tattoo hit "Nice Girls Don't Play Rock & Roll".

Snap-Her merchandise: If your local record store doesn't carry Snap-Her's latest 7" you can order a copy from:

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United Kingdom

Stickers cost 50 cents, T-Shirts are \$14. For payment, send post office money orders to:

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SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH

INTERVIEW

By Sherwood Goodenough

PHOTOS BY TEX H.

Forgive them father for they have sinned, and we want more. Behind the heaving breasts and hard Rock & Roll of Sister Mary Rotten Crotch there is even more heaving breasts, some funky-junk booty, and even more sticky, sweet, pink, hot and juicy punk rock and roll. Sister Mary Rotten Crotch is the most exciting thing in Kansas City that has three babes, one hunk, and won't require a change of underwear. The bands stage show is borderline shock-rock, quasi-pornographic, high in cholesterol and low in saturated fat. It's tits and ass, short skirts and knee socks, transvestites and Catechism all rolled up and stuffed into a bra. So far they've featured two generations of "The Crotchettes", the bands own particular brand of go-go dancers. The first group showcased the talents of three of Kansas City's female impersonator's. The second incarnation of The Crotchettes assembled three sweet and delicious, die-hard fans who painted themselves red from the waist up and donned black lipstick, fingernail polish and devils horns. Clad in nothing but high-heels, fishnet hose, bras, microminiskirts and workshirts (tied at the waist) the comely trio took contribution in their cleavage throughout the show. The atmosphere at their shows routinely attracts people wearing nun's habits and inspires libidinous behavior in those not strong enough to resist temptation. "People get laid in the bathroom at our shows all the time," said Sister Alison the mother superior of Sister Mary Rotten Crotch. In addition to flesh-sports in the lavatory and women in their underwear, the band holds stunts and giveaways at their shows. At their holiday show, audience members played for a set of limited edition Sister Mary action figures in a game of chance dubbed "The Nunzilla" where three wind-up nuns that spit fire and sparks race against each other.

But there's more going on than cheap thrills. This is dead-ahead-80s Punk Rock, with enough balls to play nine-ball. This is one feminine product that won't leave you feeling fresh as a summer day.

"If you get a hard-on, that's a bonus"

Sister Mary is nothing if not a girlie show, and they know it, and they love it. It's what it all is: sex. "Have you seen my band? I've got the two hottest girls in Kansas City in my band and if that sells, good! Liz has the finest tits live ever seen. They're both gorgeous, but Liz's rack is perfect, it wasn't an intentional thing. It wasn't like I was going to make this big sex band. It just happened. It's Punk Rock. It's



Three of the four Sister Mary members from the back: Alison, Liz, Hannah.

all about sex and violence," said Alison. "Sex and violence, that's what all our songs are about. "Don't piss us off or we'll write a song about you.

"We poke fun at sex," said Sister Hannah, lead vocals. "We all have sex," said bass bombshell and owner of the perfect tits, Sister Liz. "We don't have sex with each other. What else do you want to know?" How big are they, "I'm not telling. Everybody gets to take a feel and guess the size for themselves," said Alison. "I've got titty enough for everyone."

But breasts aside, the bands sexual politics end at their hemlines. Sister Mary takes a fairly aggressive position on their views about everything, yet they insist they have no driving philosophy about politics, religion, feminism, gender equality or sexual preference. They are musicians and entertainers first and foremost; not politicians. "I hate politics. I have many opinions and none of them need to taint what we do," said Alison. "We're not out to offend you or to stab you. If you're

offended by the lyrics, just listen to the music. We're not out to preach, and we're not out to whine either. It's fun. We're there to have a good time. And we throw in a little sex for fun. I wrote a song called Holier Than Thou, which I dedicate to the Republican party. Here's the way I view my politics. Politics affect how I write. I write songs that are political in nature, but I'm not interested in political debate. I'm not interested in other people's opinion of my politics," she said. "I don't want to go to a coffee house and discuss my art." Liz said no band can honestly say they have no political message in their music. "The bottom line is when you write something you're bound to be passionate about it, and when you're passionate about something you're bound to have political undertones," she said. "When you buy something at the grocery store it's a political decision. So whenever a band says they're not political, that's bullshit."

However, the Sisters refuse to be pigeonholed as man-haters or powderpuff pilgrims of "girl power." "We're a band," said Alison plainly. "I don't represent every chick in the world and not every chick in the world represents me." "Give me five minutes and I'll piss off some feminist for you. I call girls whores in my songs which I'm sure would piss off plenty of women, and I don't fucking care. Part of what I'm doing, and if my band has any impact, it's to be anti-PC. There's too much political correctness. "We just want to be a band. We don't want to be a "chick band," but if we are by default so be it. Just don't tell Dave, and don't be pissed when I call you a whore." But they're not calling themselves a feminist band. "Why call yourself anything?" Alison said. "You set yourself up. You call yourself a feminist and



God forbid you do it doggy-style. Why limit yourself to such definitions. Some days you want to be on top, and I'm not apologizing for bending over. Get over being classified." And despite the bands strong religious overtones, they insist their mockery of all things holier than thou is not a stab at people's right to worship freely.

Alison and Liz, both Catholics, attempt to deconstruct some of what they consider hypocritical about their religion's superstructure. They confess that they lampoon the trappings of Catholic patriarchy, but they steadfastly maintain that they're not attacking the will of the faithful. It's just mostly to poke fun at the rigidity of the rules of a lot of religions,"

added the bands drummer, Father Dave. Lead vocalist, Sister Hannah summed it up by saying the stage show is about "religious satire, pure and simple." "It means we aren't worried about being politically correct," she said. Alison said the bands religious overtones really have very little basis in any discontent she may or may not have. "I've always been fascinated by (religion). I had a strange religious upbringing. My mother's an ex-nun and so I've got a broader perspective given to me of the Catholic religion than someone raised by a zealot. It's not really religion.

It's just playing up on the naughty little Catholic Schoolgirl thing. It gets people to listen to you. People are drawn to that shit. And it's always been a running theme in my life," she said. "The Catholic schoolgirl thing is because everyone knows they're easy. Everyone knows they put out. There's two fantasies that men always have: watching two girls fuck and the Catholic schoolgirl thing," she said.

They are willing to take a stand on things they hate, even if the things they take a stand appear stupid to the masses. "I'm against breast implants because when you lay down they supposedly go in your armpits," said Hannah. "I'm against douching and nasal spray." Liz added that she has it in for Monica Lewinski and Dionne Warwick. "I'm against Kurt Loder, Matt Pinfield, Carson Daly, baggy shirts, short-sleeved shirts with lines down the sleeves and Trent Reznor," Dave said. Alison said she hates wimp rock and all things wimpy. "(Our music) is fast, hard, fucking Punk Rock, man. As long as we don't lose track of the fast and hard... The day we do a ballad, I'm gone," she said. "I just can't think of anything more offensive than Weezer... Oh! Oh! Foo Fighters! They're more offensive than Weezer," she said. "Any of that monotone, Alternative shit", "I hate Jewel," Hannah added. "She sounds like a retarded yodeler."

This estrogen enhanced, Punk Rock diocese is still in its infancy, and the three leading-ladies are still learning their instruments, but the sound and the style of the band is as focused and gelled as bands that have a decade of experience. Their influences and inspirations come from a broad variety of musical

artists including Pussy Galore, The Misfits, Chrissie Hynde, Cock Sparrer, Operation Ivy, NOTA, The Dwarves and AC/DC. However, Alison claims the band has evolved too quickly and to chaotically for them to claim any individual or group of individuals have formed the bands musical identity. "It's like a train wreck," she said. "We just got there." The train wreck began at a barbecue party last 4th of July at a friend's home. "It was my little mid-life crisis or pre-mid-life crisis. I'm not old enough to have a mid-life crisis. I'm getting there," she said. "I decided I had never played in a band, and since I had never played anything nobody would let me in their band, so I started my own band. "I sat between Liz and Hannah at a barbecue at Rico's house and I asked them if they wanted to be a band. I think they thought I was kidding until I showed up at Liz's house with a guitar."

It's eight months since the fateful barbecue. The band has since enjoyed a meteoric rise from just an idea in the back of one woman's mind to a Kansas City nightclub sensation. They have their own cult following and a fan base that starts in high school and ends somewhere north of the baby-boom. They're getting more gigs than they have time to play, and they have a split-7" coming out this spring with another band to be determined at a later date. They're also marked as one of the bands in the upcoming Streetpunk '99 over Memorial Day weekend, where they'll share the stage with some of the biggest acts on the planet. Their first show was held in August at Fred P. Otts, a relatively upscale bar and grill in the historic Plaza shopping area of Kansas City, MO. "We had six songs, and I don't think we had a song over one minute," Hannah said. They played a 12-minute set, including the song Down on Your Knees, which they made up on stage. "We were novices. We learned four or five songs and we were like, "We can play a show!" Alison said. "We were hoping to play once. We never realized we'd get a fan base or that we'd receive the attention we've gotten. Even the Catholics like us. It still feels like a joke. I figured we'd play a show, everyone would pat us on the head and say, "Don't do that again. But we've gotten more attention than I ever expected. It's quite fabulous actually. It feels very precarious, like people might come to their senses. I'll keep doing it as long as people like it. Just don't listen too carefully to me playing guitar. We just got lucky that it clicked. Looking back on it all, it seems kind of divine. I could have sat down next to anybody at that barbecue."

Three Virgins and a Pro

The only music veteran in the band is Father Dave, whose skillful rhythm method gives the bands sound a straight ahead, strong and confident beat. Dave is the third drummer, in a very quick succession of drummers who had other gigs to play or



Dave, the lone man of Sister Mary, cuts it up recently at one of their shows.

problems too big for them to fit into the Crotch. "Now we have Dave and we love Dave. He's not getting out alive," Alison said. Dave started performing in fifth and sixth grade, he said. "I started in a straight-edge band in 1987. I was real little then. We played skate shows a lot then. I played Little Drummer Boy outside when I was in fourth grade and my dick was as hard as a 9-year-old's could be." A few years ago he discovered that his uncle played in a relatively successful swing band, Tex Banake & The Raiders. That motivated him to take his musical ability to its logical extreme, but it didn't start off very extreme.

Before Sister Mary Rotten Crotch, Dave spent more time than he cares to recall playing drums for the band Shallow. He describes the front woman for Shallow, Julie, as a bulimic, hairy-backed, bearded lady with varicose veins who sounds like Jewel. "This band is the best thing that could have happened to me," he said. "I started to get into the progressive style of Punk Rock, like that Emo shit. The bottom of the barrel was being in Shallow and hating every dragging-assed song. They're all like five-minutes long. They thought going Techno was a good thing. They were like, 'You need to get a drum machine and some trigger pads (for electric drums),' he said. 'I'm totally embarrassed that I was

ever part of that fiasco." The other band members have little or no relevant musical background, just heart.

"My father was a trumpet player and he taught me to play trumpet. I didn't think anything would actually come of it, but here I am now. They're not really connected but that's all I got," Alison said. "Midwest white-trash, that's my roots," said Hannah with a heavy-metal-horns salute of her fist, pinky and index finger. "I wasn't Punk Rock to start with. I was Midwest white trash. I grew up on a farm in Oskaloosa, Iowa. I was in Hello Dolly when I was 3. Does that count?" Hannah asked. "We did all kinds of plays and musicals coming up, and I used to sing with (my mother) in church and I took voice lessons in junior high school. My mother is a performing singer and my grandfather was a professional wrestler." Alison said she had no background as a performing artist until she picked up a guitar and started Sister Mary, and despite her days as a preteen trumpeter all of her musicianship has culminated in the last half a year. "I sit with the guitar while I'm watching TV and I make noise until I do something where I go, Ooooh, I like that," she said. Sister Liz had more music in her life than the other two violent femmes in the Crotch. "Everybody in my family had to play a musical instrument. I was completely raised on classical music. That

has nothing to do with where I am now." Liz said. "I'm just here for the ride." Though Alison and Liz write most of the music, the bands creative process is an ensemble effort, where everyone contributes to the development of the music and the lyrics. Hannah noted that Dave's understanding of where the beat goes in is crucial to that system of sharing ideas. "We're just lucky that Dave knows what he's doing," she said. The maestro himself says his interest in beating the rawhides has a therapeutic basis in his life. "Playing has always just given me something to do, something to look forward to doing after work instead of getting drunk or watching TV in my underwear," he said.

In addition to making music, the girls are trying to unite the Kansas City music scene (Dave is an honorary chick by decree of queen mother Alison). "A lot of this town is divided up by musicians and non-musicians, and sexual preferences and stuff like that," Alison said. "We've had a lot of normal people at our shows. It's weird," Dave said. "One of our biggest fans is a Grateful Dead fan," added Liz. "We're trying to mix it all up," Alison said. "Basically we're saying you don't have to take yourself seriously to be a band. It's just so people can come to the show and have a good time and not worry about what clique they're in."

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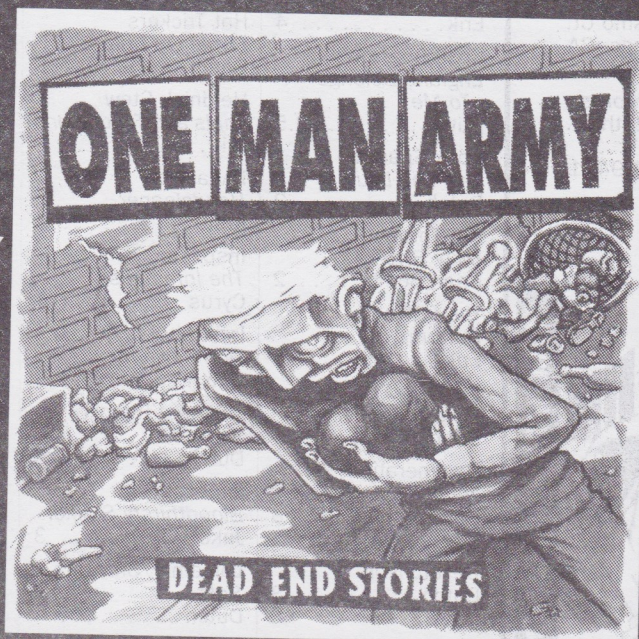
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drive-by judgements

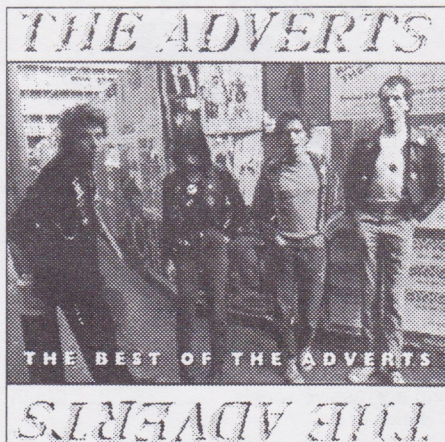
For all you lazy toilet readers who just want to see whats up with what without prodding through the vast record review section, we have compiled all the reviews here so you can check 'em out at the rate of a thirteen-year-old's attention span. Also, it's a way to see just how they rank against each other.

Ranked on a 1 to 5 scale.

1 being the lowest and 5 being the highest.

The Adverts <i>Best of..</i> Dutch 2.5	Dick Spikie <i>Beginning of the End</i> Helen of Oi 3	LoudMouths <i>Spit it Out</i> Dutch 3.5	The Trouble <i>Nobody Laughs</i> Anymore Dutch 4
Battalion of Saints A.D. <i>Cuts</i> D.Kubert 4	The Disorder <i>Best of</i> Cherry Red 1	Millencolin <i>Same Old Tunes</i> Dutch 1	The Truents <i>The Truents</i> Dutch 3
Beerzone <i>Life in the</i> Dutch 3.5	Dogfight <i>Saint Louis Style</i> Tommy Gun 4	Negative FX <i>Last Rights</i> <i>Split</i> D.Kubert 2	The Truents <i>Every Day of</i> <i>The Week</i> Dutch 4
Braindance <i>Delusions of</i> <i>Grandeur</i> Brian Bomb 3	Drones/A.P.A <i>Get Sorted Live 7"</i> Dutch 4	One Man Army <i>Dead End Stories</i> Dutch 3.5	U.K. Subs <i>Endangered Species</i> Erik 4.5
the Brewts <i>The Brewts</i> Dutch 1	Drones <i>Live</i> Erik 4	The Oppressed <i>The Noise</i> Dutch 3.5	Union 13 <i>Why Are We</i> <i>Destroying</i> <i>Ourselves</i> Erik 3
Chaos UK <i>The best of</i> Dutch 2	Fatskins/Patriot <i>Split (EP)</i> Dutch 4	The Oppressed <i>More Noise...</i> Brian Bomb 4	The Upsets <i>Tommy Gun Heart</i> Dutch 4.5
The Chelsea <i>Alternative Hits</i> Brian Bomb .. 2.5	Gang Green <i>Preschool</i> D.Kubert 5	Randumbs <i>Piss on It</i> Dutch 4	Urban Soldiers <i>Urban Soldiers</i> Dutch 3
The Chelsea <i>Singles Collection</i> 77-82 Erik 4	Guitar Gangsters <i>Made in England</i> <i>Live in Europe</i> Brian Bomb ... 2.5	The Reducers SF <i>Don't Like You</i> Dutch 5	U.S. Bombs/Bristols <i>Split</i> Dutch 2.5
Cock Sparrer <i>England Belongs</i> <i>To Me</i> Dutch 2.5	Hat Trickers <i>Come On United</i> Dutch 1	Sister Mary <i>Rotten Crotch</i> <i>Hell Hath No Fury</i> Jake 4	The Wall <i>the Punk Collection</i> Dutch 2.5
Cock Sparrer <i>Live and Loud</i> Dutch 2	Heidnick Stew <i>Trials and Tribulations</i> Erik 2	Skeptix <i>Pure Punk Rock</i> Brian Bomb 4	Youth Brigade <i>Out of Print</i> Dutch 5
Cut Throat <i>Dirty Byrd</i> Brian Bomb 2	I Against I <i>Headcleaner</i> Erik 3	SlapShot <i>Old Time Hardcore</i> Dutch 3	V/A Angelic Upstarts <i>Tribute</i> <i>We are the people</i> Dutch 5
The Cuffs <i>Bottoms Up</i> Erik 4	Inspector 7 <i>The Infamous</i> Cyrus 4	Snap-Her <i>Queen Bitch</i> <i>of Rock-n-Roll</i> Cyrus 5	V/A Chapter 7 <i>All Men Are Liars</i> Jake 4
Dead end Cruisers <i>Field Operations</i> Brian Bomb 4	Infiltrators <i>Don't give me</i> Dutch 3	Street Troopers <i>Montréal</i> Dutch 4.5	V/A <i>Knock out in the</i> <i>3rd Round</i> Erik 3.5
Degeneration <i>Young Life</i> Dutch 3	The Last Resort <i>Violence</i> Dutch 2.5	Tendons, The <i>Baby In A Bucket</i> Erik 3.5	V/A <i>Oi Lets Go Canada</i> Dutch 3.5
Devotchkas <i>Devotchkas</i> Dutch 3	Limecell <i>Bloodthirsty Stalker</i> Jake 3	TR6 <i>Psychobilly Mayhem</i> Brian Bomb 4	
	Loikamie/Smegma <i>Split</i> Dutch 4		





The Adverts

The best of... (CD)

If I was trying to swoon a punk chick, this is what I would put on for background music. Dreamy moody punk rock with that brit pop whiney voice that makes you know he's sad. The music progression follows the same suit, erie mystical. I imagine the singer cocking his head to the right or the left for entire songs tapping is foot behind him and he bumps uglies with the mic stand. But I guess that's what happens when you wear a skinny tie. None the less this CD gives you a look into the roots of punk. Not the same weathered English punk either it has its twists that make it worthwhile. (Except for the fact that I kept thinking each song sounded like it got pulled out of "Rocky Horror.") Dutch
Cherry Red

Battalion of Saints

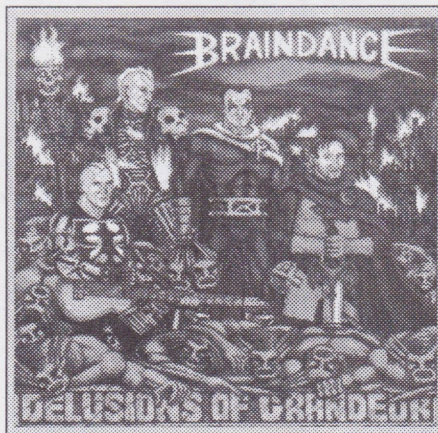
A.D. Cuts (CD)

I'm not sure how this Battalion relates to the old-school non-A.D. one, but the sound's pretty much the same. Fast, solid SoCal punkrock with intense vocal wails ala Final Conflict or even early Verbal Assault, although VA would be a couple notches too clean-cut for these merry fuck-ups. And while FC and VA may champion saving the world and staying positive, respectively, the Battalion bring you down-and-out with songs like "My New Low" or the ode to adult video arcade activities "Jack Shack" which incidentally, is the longest track on the CD clocking in over 6 minutes long - well over the typical sub-two minute blasts. If you like high-octane blaring punk with desperate vocals, you'll probably dig this as much as I did. God bless the Saints. D.Kubert
Taang! Records

Beerzone

Life in the... (CD)

These English louts have put together 5 tracks of sing along punk to get your brain



buzzing and yearning for more. Covering topics from getting dumped over the answering machine, to the world cup. Even Clinton has gotten through their beer haze, after years of hearing songs about the Queen, here we get some Clinton bashing from the Red, White and Blue across the sea. Fans of Peter and the Test Tubes Babies will really get into their humorous approach. Beer drinking music 100%, so hoist one up for Beerzone. Dutch
BZR

Braindance

Delusions of Grandeur (CD)

Good ole, (shit...now I'm gonna half to pull out my GBH and Exploited records) English 80s punk/hardcore. Not as good as "City Babies.." but in the same vain of music. They even went so far as to have really badly illustrated cover art! Solid spiky punk rock. God I miss being PUNK!!! My leather jacket, with GBH painted on the back surrounded by studs. The upside down flag on the shoulder... spitting on coffee house freak Milwaukeeians on Downer Ave. EAST SIDE BOOT BOYS!! were have you gone... OK if ya like GBH/ Exploited 80s punk you will appreciate Braindance. 19 tracks if ya count the verbal thanks list. Brian Bomb
Knock Out

The Brewts

The Brewts (LP)

It's 50/50 with these guys, they do the oi/streetpunk thing real good. But in an attempt to stand out from the 100s of other bands they added a trumpet to the line up. It doesn't really work on some of the tracks, destroys others, for the most part it doesn't fit in. The songs that seem to work best and stand out are the ones that stick to a harder edge. Don't waste your time trying to fit your music to what you think people will like, you can tell the difference. Dutch
Reanimator Records



Chaos UK

The best of... (CD)

I've never been a fan of this brand of punk, well most of this brand. I go "song to song" with these guys. They play a diverse range of punk, from straight forward driving power chords to and odd mix of MDC and Crass. I can do with out the latter. Evidently this band has left an indelible mark on punk not to mention 100's of leather jackets. Here are 25 songs ranging from the bands birth to their formative years. Dutch
Cherry Red

The Chelsea

Alternative Hits (CD)

The release is the re-release of "Alternative Hits" LP (this was to be there second full LP, but it is just a re-released of the B-Sides of 7"s Chelsea had released in the early 80s.) OK now that the release part is over they remind me of Johnny Thunders/New York Dolls semi bluesy punk rock! If you're a Chelsea fan buy it. If you're not, it's not something that I would spend \$12.95 on and be happy. If you must have everything by members of the Cult and Gene Loves Gezebell then buy it cause one of these blokes (James Stevenson) played with both bands Brian Bomb
Captain Oi

The Chelsea

Singles Collection 77-82 (CD)

Now I've heard a lot about Chelsea but I'd never heard them. Thankfully, Saint Timothy gave me this to review and it fuckin' kicks ass! It's starts off with "Right To Work" and just about every song after, including "High Rise Living", "No One's Coming Outside", "Evacuate" and a cover called "No Escape". If your young like me and have not yet heard Chelsea, make this your next CD purchase...Erik A.K.A Epsilon
Captain Oi



Cock Sparrer
England Belongs to Me (EP)

They say they have stayed true to the original release, keeping the original cover and baby blue vinyl....BABY BLUE VINYL!?! Featuring "England Belongs...." and "Argy Bargy." With so much of this bands material being rereleased as of lately the thrill of seeing this might escape you. But it is a 7"..... Dutch
Harry May Records

Cock Sparrer
Live and Load (CD)

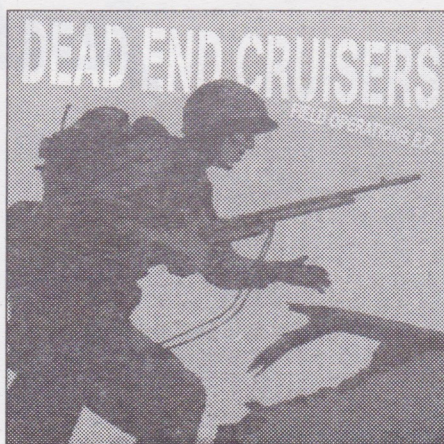
I hate to be the one to say it, but this rerelease thing is getting out of hand. We got this same LP last issue from a different label with a different cover. Sure this one put the original cover with it, but I'm am sure this is the 5th time this has been released. So much that the once nostalgic feel of owning a Cock Sparrer record is now old hat. Dutch
Knock out

The Cuffs
Bottoms Up (CD)

I like this CD a lot. It's hard and catchy and well recorded. Some of my faves are "Too Much Confusion", "John C. Sullivan (bare knuckle fighter)" and "Vision". They remind me a lot of another great band from Kansas City, so if you like O.D.T., check these guys out when they come to town. Erik A.K.A Epsilon
Radical Records

Cut Throat
Dirty Byrd (CD)

If ya like the basic sounds of Oi! I mean REAL basic! Did I stress the BASIC SOUND OF OI!? Then you will like Cleveland's Cut Throat. I hear the heart and soul of their music but it just doesn't come out right. The guitar sounds like one of those annoying motorized airplanes on a string (around and around, yeah this was a great xmas gift Dad!, blech!) Nice use (maybe over used) of overlapping chorus! Well the liner notes say they're a new and improved band (OK. note to band, that's not a good thing to put in your rants!) Also you mention that you only do two of the



songs live anymore. Thank you! You guys just didn't hit the Cock Sparrer song right. It's just my opinion right? Everybody has one right? But I have a venue to spout it from. Buh Bye! Brian Bomb
Knock Out

Dead End Cruisers
Field Operations (EP)

Cool ass "Street Punk"!!!!!! 3 songs 2 originals and a cover of "Do Anything You Wannna Do." (I think it's a cover, but for the life of me I can't figure out who?) Punk rawk aint dead!!!!!! Not with the Dead End Crusiers class of music. Keep up the work boys!! Brian Bomb
TKO Records

Degeneration
Young Life (EP)

These guys had one hell of a time trying to get out on the streets and now it is finally here. Degeneration puts out straight forward American oi. One qualm about this release, the production is really weak, I've seen these guys live and they will blow the roof off the place, but this latest release from them could use a little reworking. Dutch
Rude Girl Records

Devotchkas
Devotchkas (EP)

If you don't know where the name came from ya might as well put the kick me sign back on your back. These girls from Jersey are here to tell you what's up, aggressive guitars backing angry vocals spouting about "Oi toys" and other various sluts. If you like it fast and hard (and who doesn't) the Devotchkas will do you right. No holes barred with these chicks.... Dutch
Punk Core

Dick Spikie
Beginning of the End (CD)

Full on spiked punk sang through a Mr. Microphone. Straight ahead punk rock from the land down under and I'm not talking about Australia. More and more Japanese bands have come about lately and are putting out spirited punk and oi. Dick Spikie sound like the Exploited, except with mean



and aggressive vocals. Dutch
Helen of Oi

Disorder
The Best of...(CD)

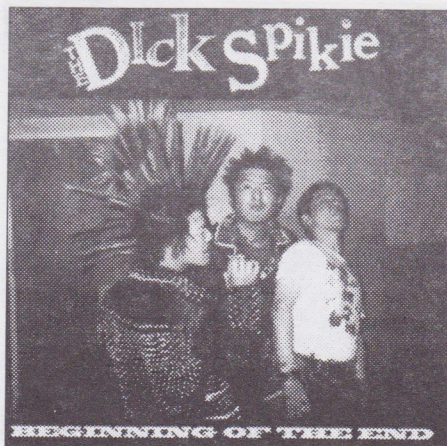
Never heard of them. I love getting "best ofs" of bands that I have never heard. Maybe someone weeded out all the songs that kept a particular band down. Sadly, Disorder does not stand out from any of the other bands from the 80s era of British punk. Dutch
Cherry Red

Dogfight
Saint Louis Style (CD)

On this debut release, Dogfight drops nine gems to prove that these St. Louis boys know hardcore. While the lyrics are fairly simple, Jim's vocals have more of an 80s-hardcore feel to them, rather than the Metallica-sound a lot of vocalists of the genre use these days. Saint Louis Style is a good start for Dogfight with plenty of skinhead-tinged aggression. This isn't the kind of hardcore that most of us are sick of now. Dogfight is the real thing. . Tommy Gun
Self-released

The Drones/
Adolf and the Piss Artist
Get Sorted Tour 98
Sampler Live 7" (EP)

The Drones recently toured through parts of the states. Of course they made the drastic mistake of passing by American Upstartss home state. The Drones and A.P.A. put forward two live tracks each. The Drones contributing "Sorted" and "Sad so Sad" to tease all of us who couldn't make the shows. I'm sure the Drones have put in their time and have earned their dues but A.P.A. on this 45 has blown them away. The energy of younger bands sometimes cannot be denied. Ripping away with a cover of "Where Have All The Bootboys Gone" then following with "This Is Your Law", A.P.A. took the Drones to school. Dutch
45 Revolutions



**The Drones
Live in Japan**

I never cared much for live CDs. the sound quality usually sucks and it's hard to really judge a band unless you were there. However, this didn't sound too bad. The music was pretty balanced but vocals were too loud or uninterpretable. I liked the songs "Look a Likes", "Sad So Sad" (despite it's poor quality), "Movement" and "I Just Want To Be Myself". if you're a big drones fan get this but I'd rather see them live. Epsilon A.K.A. Erik
45 Revolutions

**Fatskins/Patriot
Split (EP)**

If one thing is ever going to be said about the Fatskins, it has to be the unique vocals of Fatskin Mike himself. I swear he is related to Choke. The first sampling of Fatskins come in the catchy "You Need a Dentist" 9 out of 10 dentist's agree, the Fatskins are good for business. Also from the Fatskins is "Sound of the Street". Patriot takes over from there, starting off with the "Contempt of Court" in the classic Patriot sound, forceful verses and sing a long choruses. Followed by their version of the much covered Cock Sparrer track "Where Are They Now". Dutch
90 Proof

**The Forgotten
Veni, Vidi, Vici (CD)**

The 7" I heard from these guys last issue was some of the best stuff I've heard in awhile. Powerful melodic punk rock that goes beyond the three chords of those laid before them. My favorite track off this is the same one as the 7", "Class Separation". It will get you singing along in your strained whisper punk rock voice till your face turns red trying to mimic the vocals. This CD has lead me to believe that there is a San Francisco "sound" that many bands out there are shooting for. The Forgotten can hold their own, but if too many bands jump on a good thing the results can be destructive. Dutch
TKO



**Gang Green 5
Preschool CD/EP (CD)**

Even though you get ten songs here and it could be considered an "album" in the classic sense, this righteous blast from the past barely clocks in over 14 minutes of old-school kick-in-the-ass hardcore and that's counting a hidden remix of the opening track buried a minute past the final track. Don't get me wrong here, this ain't complainin', because short and sweet is the way hardcore should be. Shit, this was the early 80s after all, and by the looks of the coke-and-mirrors/hooker 'tang album pics, Gang Green wouldn't give a fuck anyway. Compared to the hardcore preschoolers of today, it amazes me how brilliantly pissed-off these young bucks were. This is nothing like the restrained chug-chug metal-core that kids call hardcore these days. They're not uptight! This shit is fast, loose, and out of control. This is prime hardcore and prime Gang Green not the bloated Budweiser-watered down pudge that they eventually became. Preschool easily matches the intensity of their classic tracks from the infamous "This is Boston Not LA" compilation, a couple of which are found on this fast and furious reissue. D.Kubert
Taang! Records

**Guitar Gangsters
Made in England: Live in Europe (CD)**

This is the first time if ever heard GG. It's not bad. In the same vain as the Damned, 999 and a little Cock Sparrer. They call themselves Street Rock and Roll, and I'll give them that.. good tempo songs that won't bore the fuck outta ya. Brian Bomb
Rampant Music

**Hat Trickers
Come On United (EP)**

Where to start...I'm not sure if this was released as a joke or as a parody on "soccer" bands. But this is some of the most painful music I have listed to in a while. Japanese "Manchester" supporters who decided playing in tune was not important. Dutch
Knock Out



**Heidnick Stew
Trials and Tribulations (EP)**

This 7" is OK but it's kinda sloppy. not the recording but the band. If you like Slap Shot and hard-core and don't really care how good the songs are you'll probably like this, but I don't care for it at all. Dutch
Headache

**I Against I
Headcleaner (CD)**

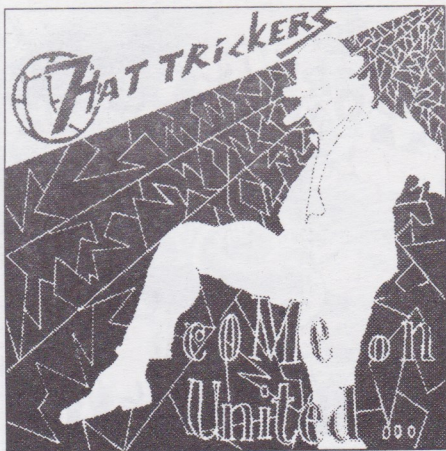
Well, I'll admit it I liked this CD but I liked this CD when other bands released it. It's tight, poppy and generic. The song "Time" offered something I'd never really heard before. As for the lyrical content, I was concerned about that stuff back in high school. Epsilon a.k.a. Erik
Epitaph

**Inspector 7
The Infamous...(CD)**

If you love the poppy, new-age, sound of fourth-wave, commercial Ska, then what the fuck are you reading *American Upstart* for? But if you long for the bygone era when Ska was still something you could fuck to, then run out and get an Inspector 7 tattoo. And while your at it, pick up their latest CD on Radical Records. If you want to listen, dance or just sleep with one of the band members, Inspector 7 won't steer you wrong. Their traditional sound is a nice reminder of why Jamaican and British skinheads started loving this music 30-something years ago. Cyrus
Radical Records

**Infiltrators
Don't Give Me...(CD)**

"Don't Give Me Your Old School Lip. Just Get Your Metal Out Of My Hardcore!!" Damn that is one hell of a long title. East coast oicore crossed with some dirty down punk rock. It's hard to lay a finger down on one particular influence or style with these guys. I will give them this, they have kept the metal out of their hardcore keeping it as close as possible to hardcore roots, hard driving guitars and broken attacking vocals minus the flimsy guitar solos and show-boating. Back to basics hardcore. Dutch
Oink!



The Last Resort Violence In Our Minds (EP)

Well, here is another in Harry May's collection of oi 7" classics reproduced in its original format. 3 classics and one I don't think I've ever heard of. I'm sure you already have each of these songs on one or two compilations, but this is kinda like owning the original with out having to haggle with the nerdy record store guy. Dutch
Harry May Records

Limecell Bloodthirsty Stalker (EP)

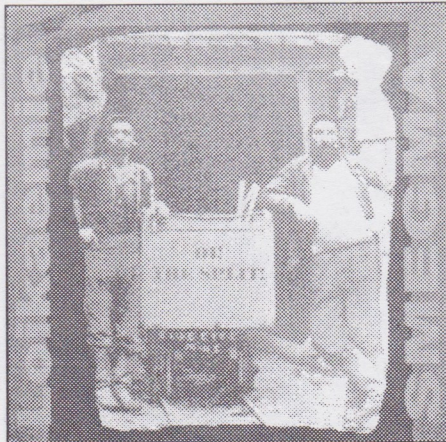
I believe this is their third release. They also have another 7" and a full length CD on Headache records. This 7" features two songs of heavy hardcore punk, that will make blood & sweat fly from your turn table. I would expect nothing less from a Conspiracy of Scum band. Jake
Headache

Loikaemie/Smegma Oi the Split (EP)

Talk about a twisted start, Bob Marley's "One Love" sang with a deep German accent from the hard as nails oi band Loikaemie. Their spin on the song is perfect. Uns're Szene is up next and shows off what this band writes on their own. Both bands contribute a song in each German and English and they succeed in both. Smegma with it's rough brand of oi starts off the "B" side with "Harri's Mühle." "Working Class Pride" follows with the band switching to English lyrics, writing just as good in English as they do in German. Not to mention this is a thick ass picture disc. Now order it! Dutch
Knock Out

LoudMouths Spit It Out (EP)

HOT PINK Vinyl!!!! Yee haa!! Straight up go fuck yerself punk rock. The Loudmouths aren't your girl fronted indie rock band that is headed down to South by Southwest to try and woo them with their girl power (I hope not at least). Aggressive pissed off punk rock played at a furious pace. Dutch
702 Records



Millencolin Same Old Tunes (CD)

These sure are the same old tunes...tunes that have either been rehashed or dismissed by a million, not Millencolin, bands. Dig up a NOFX album and you will basically have the sound minus some of the chuckieness. Dutch
Epitaph

Negative FX/Last Rights 2 Split (CD)

A reissue of Taang! Records' first release, plus every song ever released by Last Rights and a live Negative FX track that documents their last recorded moments and subsequent rioting. More or less this is Slapshot vocalist Choke's scrapbook (I don't know about the other band members) tracking the musical progression of the groups he headed. From the early rag-tag thrashings' of Negative FX to the tightened up and more straightforward thug-rock of Last Rights you can chart one of the main roots of Boston's legendary punk scene. Even though the Last Rights tracks are bland, you can find some unique stabs here in Negative FX's tracks, like the stuttering snare lead-ins on "Protector" or the 8 second "Punch in the Face". There's fire to the NFX tracks that just isn't found on the Last Rights tracks at the beginning of the disc, which is too bad because this CD fizzles out before it even gets started.
D.Kubert

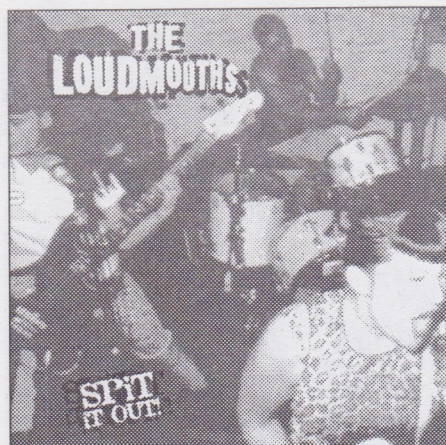
Taang! Records

One Man Army Dead End Stories (CD)

I know California has never been at a loss for quality punk rock bands but I think they are coming out of some sort of recession lately. More bands have been stepping out and making a name for themselves lately, One Man Army is no exeption. Running high with energy are 12 tracks of S.F. style punk. Dutch
Adaline

The Oppressed The Noise (EP)

Remember Quiet Riot, you know the



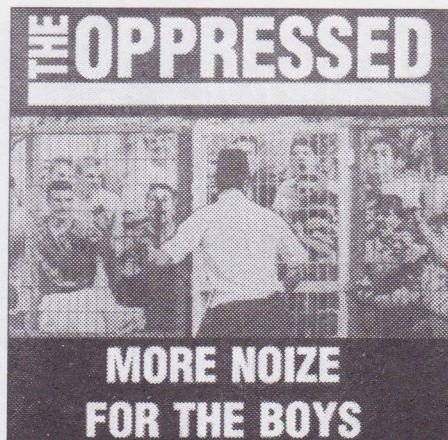
guy with the metal mask and the cool red leather straight jacket on the cover of their records? Well your probably better off not knowing if ya don't. Why am going on about them during an Oppressed review? It seems the two bands had something in common...a passion for covering Slade songs. This EP has the Oppressed putting their Oi Oi music spin on three of Slade's tracks in honest Oppressed fashion. What's with Harry May and really thin baby blue vinyl? Dutch
Harry May Records

The Oppressed More Noize For the Boys (CD)

Well, well, well, the boys from Cardiff have yet again put out more music, just when you thunk they've called it a day. This is a fine album/CD (whatever) 12 great tunes lots of covers. First of 3 from Slade "Cumon Feel The Noize", "Gudbuy T'Jane" and "Mama Weer All Crazy Now" I think it was that "80's BIG HAIR BAND "Quiet Riot" that brought this/these song(s) to the general public (ummm pphh I'm gonna puke just remembered the Video! YIKES!) Well the Oppressed have recovered them for the SKINS!! Cheers for the Oppressed.... these are great songs when done right (the Oi way). Next a cover of "Madness" the great tune by Prince Buster, yet I would say this cover is inspired by "MADNESS'S" version. Nancy Sinatra's "Boot Were Made For Walking" and Symrap's "Skinhead Girl". Then "Do Anything You Wanna Do" I know its a cover but from who? The first person to e-mail me who did this originaly gets a free "Clockwork HOOLIGAN" T-Shirt (hooligangear@yahoo.com) Well shit I've babbled on too long this is a great collection of tunes and it has reinstated my faith in Oi! (don't get me started on the Oi!/Streetpunk thing!) Brian Bomb
Knock Out Records

Randumbs Piss on It (CD)

Brew fueled adrenilian spews out of every hole in the Randumbs being. The Randumbs sound like a pop punk band



gone bad. The vocals are a refreshing change from the standard style that seems popular today. fun punk, the way it should be. Dutch
Urine Entertainment

The Reducers SF ***Don't Like You (EP)***

No that's not Skrewdrivers "I Don't Like You" which is what everybody thinks when they first look at the title. No the Reducers SF are not rehashing the newly aquired tag of streetpunk. They are treading the new/old water of branching out of streetpunk/oi/rock with a more melodic approach. While at the same time luring all the fans of the harder music and making them like it. "Don't Like You" pulls from later Stiff Little Fingers or Jam, flowing through the verses into a powerful choruses. The flip side features a cover of 80's chart buster "Situations" Dutch
TKO

Sister Mary Rotten Crotch ***Hell Hath No Fury (EP)***

This 7" is these recovering Catholic girls first release. It's a live recording and the sound quality is surprisingly good. 7 songs on here, of which "Club a Club Kid" has to be my new favorite song. Also covers of the Misfits Bullet and Loud Proud and Punk by the Business, very nicely rendered with female vocals. Girl garage punk at it's finest, that is sure to bruise some fragile male egos. Can't wait to hear more stuff from these ladies in the future. Till then remember "Club a club kid for rock-n-roll, Techno music will steal your soul....." couldn't have said it better myself. Jake
American Upstart

Skeptix ***Pure Punk Rock (CD)***

Yes. Yes it is Pure Punk Rock! This is the fist time I have heard of heard of the Skeptix. Well that's not true, listening to these recordings and judging from the dates they were released, I would say that the Skeptix influenced a lot of the English punk bands like GBH, Exploited, and even went to a member of Discharge. So there you have



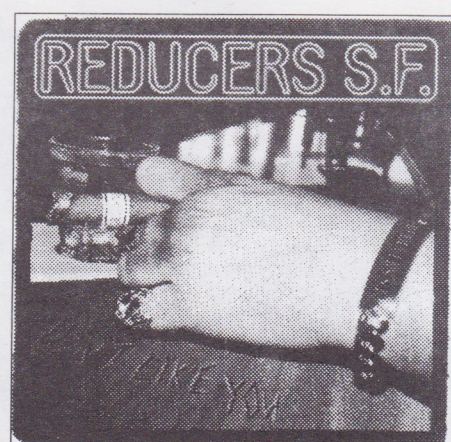
it in a nut shell. If your a die hard British Punk Rock fan find this CD and put it in your collection under "The Godfathers of 80's British Punk" 25 tracks of punk. Brian "I too was a spiky punk rocker" Bomb
Captian Oi!

SlapShot ***Old Time Hardcore (CD)***

Well, it looks like someone got over their fling with crossover industrio-metal and got back to the roots of their hardcore heritage. Step On It this is not, but it seem like much of the spirit is there. Choke has weaned away from tattered love songs and broke back into the aggression of straight edge. Yet he has stepped back from the new trend in SxE "I don't seek God or inner peace, I won't chant prayer, but I eat meat, Don't ask you to think like me, but I'm more straight edge than you'll ever be". Good old time hardcore. Dutch
Taang!

Snap-Her ***Queen Bitch of Rock & Roll (CD)***

Queen Bitch of Rock & Roll, the latest album from Snap Her on New Red Archives. If you're looking for Punk Rock that reaches through the speakers and smacks you silly, calls you slave and gets you off all at the same time then you're a mother-fucking pervert and lead singer/songwriter Andi Beltramo can help you. This is not just T&A



on a compact disk (although each CD comes with a beaver shot inside). This music has brains, a sense of humor and a beat that all but forces you to stand up, dance in a circle and sweat like a fat man in a sauna. Cyrus
New Red Archives

Street Troopers ***Montréal (EP)***

From the back alleys of Montréal come the Street Troopers, punching out a killer brand of oi. Coupling the brashness of the Bruisers with the French connection, the Street Troopers are creating a niche of their own. You will not be let down. ... Dutch
Knock Out

Tendons, the ***Baby In A Bucket (CD)***

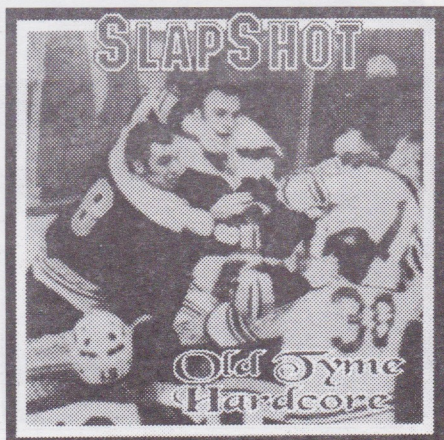
This band fits the definition of punk rock; fast, loud and deliberately offensive. For example a line out of "Baby In A Bucket", "I love my baby in a bucket/I love to take it out and fuck it". Check this CD out if you have a sick sense of humor (like me). Epsilon a.k.a. Erik
Helen of Oi

TAG ***Psychobilly Mayhem (CD)***

Ahhh about fucking time a US band starts playing Psychobilly!!! In the same vain as the Meteors and King Kurt. Fast rocken, bass thumpin, boot stompn, demented as hell lyric written "Rock-a-billy" 3 songs (not enough) "Psychobilly Mayhem", "No tell Motel" and "The Good, The bad, The Ugly" all STOMP! Brian Bomb
Headache

The Trouble ***Nobody Laughs Anymore (CD)***

People have been raving about this CD since the day it was recorded and in anticipation I've been looking/waiting for it. So here it is the much anticipated Trouble CD. These Mass. boys have made a name for themselves in a short time both with their talent and their antics. Two stand out tracks, not just on the CD either two stand out tracks for the damn month



"Dead and Gone" and "Reckless" *The first to arrive the last to leave, another generation wear it's anger on it's sleeve.* The trouble branch off every now and again into new territories, none more evident than their cover of a Joy Division track. There is a lot of fresh material on this, I wasn't as blown away as every one else was but that is probably cause I had such high expectations from every one else. Dutch
GMM

The Truents **The Truents (EP)**

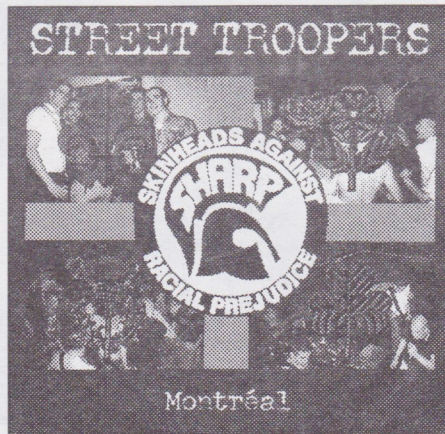
If ya took Screeching Weasle and put some balls on Mr. BW, I think this is what would walk out of Dr. Frankensteins office. Catchy, poppy, fun punk rock. Two tracks on this EP the first "Just Don't Tell" is more aggressive than the B side with a sordid break up tale in "Don't Look back"....Dutch
TKO

The Truents **Every Day of The Week (CD)**

These guys confuse me, they start off a bit poppy, kind of a happy go lucky thing to em'. Then as the CD goes on they get progressively more raw and gritty, which is good in my book. You definitely get a better feel for the band than in the 7" mentioned above, the band seems to start playing with more heart later in the CD. The title track "Every Day Of The Week" is most definitely the stand out on this new release. Dutch
TKO

U.S. Bombs/Bristols **Split (EP)**

Two bands livin' fast and dyin' hard. First thing I gotta say is the cover, inside and out is hands down the best lookin' thing I have seen in a while. I know the guy has done some comic illustration but I just can't put my finger on it. Enough about the cover, the Bombs lay down a track in familiar style of a broken love song in "Breaks My Heart". The Bristols follow up with "Bottle Rockets", not as much snap out of these guys though the Bristols



"Bottle Rocket" fizzles out in the end. Did I mention the smoking cover art? Dutch
Beer City

U.K. Subs **Endangered Species (CD)**

Heres a rerelease worth rereleasing. If you have never heard the UK Subs you must pick this up. Endangered Species is probably one the best punk albums of the 80s. My faves are "Ambition", "Lie Down and Die", "Sensitive Boys" and "Ice Age". There's also four bonus tracks (more reason to pick it up). Epsilon a.k.a. Erik
Captain Oi

Union 13 **Why Are We Destroying Ourselves? (CD)**

I've never cared much for hardcore but that doesn't mean I didn't like this CD. It's just not something I'm interested in. however, "Injusticia Inhumana" has the coolest bass line I've heard in hardcore. Other good songs include "Again and Again" and "Never Connected". Anyone my age can relate to the topics of their songs. Epsilon a.k.a. Erik
Epitaph

The Upsets **Tommy Gun Heart (EP)**

The Upsets play an updated, power-driven version of the Deadboys. The track Sonic Reaction takes a bit too much from



the Deadboys for comfort, but that's not really bad if ya think about it. 3 tracks of groovin punk rock that yer non-punkrock girlfriend will get into. It's a good world we live in. Dutch
TKO

Urban Soldiers **Urban Soldiers (CD)**

Well, last issue we got a taste of this release from the Nordisc demo released by these guys. Once again I have to say these guys have a flare for the 80s oi sound with heavy guitars and choppy singing, borderlining hardcore. An era of oi that was hit and miss with a lot of people. Forced Reality come to mind everytime I play this, minus the distict vocals of F.R. In the wake of the Dropkick Phenomenon I'm not sure how to take the bagpipe intro to the CD. It seems a lot of bands have been adopting bagpipes as either a gimmick or a suppossed one way ticket to success. You be the judge. All around this CD is tight and well put together. Dutch
Nordisk

The Wall **the Punk Collection (CD)**

Leading off with an Elvis Costello-ish track, I am is confused as to what to expect from these guys. Rest assured, things get better. At best these guys capitalize on the Brit pop sound, too clean to be punk, edgy enough to remain on the outside. A good mix is presented, but it wears thin quickly. Dutch
Captain Oi

Youth Brigade **Out of Print (CD)**

Hell yeah, the Brigade is back. Well actually not the "Brigade" we're still trying to forget that. Youth Brigade has rereleased the original "Sound and Fury", not to be confused with the "Sound and Fury" that most old Youth Brigade fans have. This is the original record that they had pulled out of circulation cause they were not happy with it. Personally I don't see what was wrong with it. I think this is some of best stuff I've heard from them,

the album has a lot of diversity in itself. What these guys were doing in the early 80s is still being copied to this day. For those of you with access to a CD Rom drive, this has a special added treat, with interviews and a mini video from a show years ago that'll make ya cry for the old days. Dutch
BYO

V/A **Angelic Upstarts Tribute We Are The People (CD)**

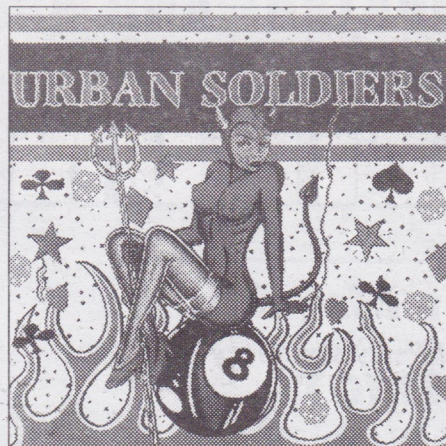
Well paint me red and send me to Cuba, the Angelic Upstarts have finally warranted themselves a tribute. 15 bands paying their respect to one of the most diverse bands in oi. Putting as much spirit into each track as Mensi would. Not to mention the fact that the curse (in my opinion) of bad production and muffled sound that are a staple in most of the Angelic Upstart recordings, have been laid to rest by the fresh blood. Each band adds their own unique style to the classics 2,000,000 Voices, I'm an Upstart, England or Never 'Ad nothing; making it all the more diverse. Definitely one to pick up for Angelic Upstart fans Dutch
Knock Out

V/A **Angry Punk Urban Skunk**

45 Revolutions has put one hell of a compilation together. First thing I would like to comment on is the second track, Dead Inside by the Anti-Heros, I've been looking for this for years, thank you. All and all this CD covers a wide range of punk and oi and some classic tracks have been pulled. These are some of the tracks you'll find 10 years from now on just about every comp, but Chet did it first. Some of the bands featured Bomb Squadron, Disorderly Conduct, the Drones, NOTA, the Templars and much much more. Dutch
45 Revolutions

V/A **Chapter 7: All Men Are Liars (CD)**

I guess this will be the first review of a blues CD in *American Upstart*. I've been



checking out Fat Possum's playlist ever since I figured out that they put out R.L. Burnside (Mr. Burnside is one of the few old time sounding blues artists who is still alive and actually tours). For those of you out there who do not already know, all forms of rock-n-roll, including punk are direct descendants of the blues and nowhere is that more obvious than the gritty ass blues that Fat Possum has been putting out. This comp has everything from Delta blues to garage blues (punk?). All the tracks have a down and dirty quality to em that most labels seem to have been trying to avoid by over producing or completely remixing everything they put out. My only gripe about Fat Possum is the dance remixes of R.L. Burnside songs they have been reissuing. I'm assuming most of you reading this, as myself believe that techno-music is the boogymen that steals the souls of real musicians. If so avoid R.L. Burnside's "Come On In" but don't shy away from his other releases which are some of the finest blues I've had the pleasure of listening to and will knock yer dick into the ground. So for those of you who listen to the blues and wanna hear something new or if you just wanna see where Ian Stuart's riffs came from (ha,ha I couldn't resist) this comp and "Fat Possum, not the same oi' blues crap" are damn good places to start.

Possum, not the same oi' blues crap" are damn good places to start. Jake
Fat Possum

V/A **Knock Out in the 3rd Round (CD)**

This comp. isn't bad. There's more good songs than crappy ones. There's some really cool bands I've never heard like "the Butlers", Red London", "Anti-Nowhere League" and "Oxymoron" who all had good songs. plus a new one (I think) from the Oppressed and a kick ass song from Charge 69 called "Fin de Siecle". theres a little ska and oi but mainly punk. ... Epsilon a.k.a. Erik
Knock Out Records

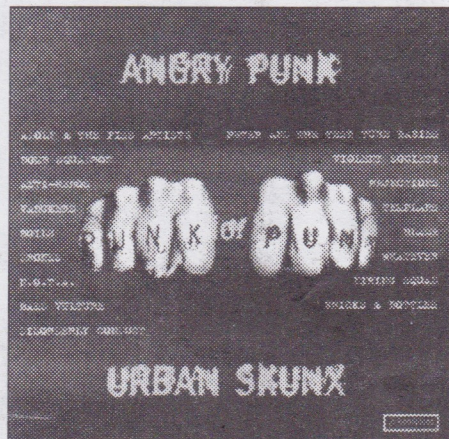
V/A **Pure Punk**

21 tracks of new blood. This Comp starts off with a bang, the Boils, the Bruisers the Ducky Boys and the Pinkerton Thugs. Other bands that deserve your attention, the Weekend Bowlers, the Infiltrators and Voice of a Generation. Cyclone has compiled a good showing of many East Coast & Boston bands, a few from the other side of the states and some European showings. Also it is a good mix music wise, hitting different styles. Hey, where are the Midwest bands? Dutch
Cyclone

V/A **Oi Lets Go Canada**

17 Canadian oi bands, who would a thought? A good mix of bands and styles take you through a tour of the Canadian oi stomping grounds. Shock Troops open up the comp with a powerful " No Friends of mine" then on to French Canadian Impact. Stand out tracks are from the Cleats, Subway Thugs and the Dole. If you've been wondering what skinheads up north have been up to here is the best resource. Dutch

Rhythm and Boots



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